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THIS IS THE END.

No more my hand must touch your hand;
Apart henceforth we two must stand.
Your eyes no more my eyes may seek,
My name no more may flush your cheek;
This is the end—you understand!
Renounce the fairy tale you planned!
We must be friends polite and bland,
Who e'en love's sacred name may speak
No more!

Because—our love is contraband,
Ghosts bar my way to fairyland,
I cannot pass them—I am weak.
Oh, leave me, leave me, do not speak!
But, going, look once kindly, and
No more!

BENEATH A MASK

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"MY ARRANGEMENTS are perfect, Joan," Lady Lea spoke in tones of gentle but intense self satisfaction. "Lord Cavass proposes himself as John of the waggonette, and I propose you as occupant of the seat beside him—the box seat."

"How nice—for Lord Cavass! And the rest?" Joan Maynard spoke indifferently.

"The rest are nowhere—or anywhere. I sacrifice the rest of my guests unhesitatingly on the shrine of your welfare, Joan."

"What a model hostess!" admiringly. "But come now, point out to me my lord of Cavass. Before I pledge myself to any box, I should like to have an idea of my companion there. Is it far to these ruins, Julie?"

"About six miles. Somuch may be done in a drive of six miles." Lady Lea looked down sentimentally, and hesitated a little. "He is not handsome exactly, but then what do you want with looks—you who have enough for three people? His title would delight your father, and the match might be made up beneath my roof. Lord Cavass is really a good sort of little man, and——"

"I detest good-sort-of-little men."

"Yet you will be compliant, my Joan, for to-day at least." Lady Lea slipped her arm through her friend's, and besought her with that coaxing glance and air which was wont to have so much effect upon Sir Joshua's powers of resistance; but this young person, this Joan Maynard, was of harder stuff.

"Your mania for matchmaking is growing upon you sadly, Julie. Your true friends ought to discourage it. The man's title is nothing to me, if he be stupid or wearisome, as is most probable——"

"Hush! he comes. Let me introduce him and then—be nice, as you only can, dear Joan."

Joan looked in the direction indicated, and when she saw a fine, broad-shouldered, gentlemanly figure, surmounted by a head whose shape guaranteed brains, and whose features, well-cut, dark, worn, clever-looking, and a little sarcastic in expression, spoke not of stupidity, her face cleared.

"I like his looks. I will ascend the box willingly, Julie."

"You are looking at the wrong one," quoth my lady a little nervously. "That dark man is only Mr. Despard. This is Lord Cavass."

"This! I thought he was a groom. Who is—only Mr. Despard, and why can't he drive the bays?"

"My dear girl! He is a lawyer, and utterly ineligible. Josh took a reasonless fancy for him, that is the only reason he is here. Now, don't be obstinate, my Joan. I have so set my heart on this thing and I have worked quite hard to arrange all pleasantly. Think also of your father."

Joan Maynard adored her father, as her wily friend knew; moreover, Joan was very fond of pretty little Lady Lea, and was altogether a young woman of an amiable and obliging disposition, therefore, yielding to pressure, now she said:

"Very well, Julie, you may sacrifice me with the rest of your guests for the drive out, but I pledge myself to nothing beyond the one drive remember."

Lady Lea struck while the iron was hot. In an incredibly short time Joan made acquaintance with Lord Cavass and was perched by his side, her fair head towering above his, on the box of the waggonette; the other sacrifices were crowded in hurriedly behind, and his lordship, handling the ribands in a masterly manner, was, as he expressed it, tooling the bays along at a swinging pace.

Gerard, tenth Baron Cavass, was of noble lineage and insignificant appearance; the accident of birth had favored him, the dower of brains had been denied him; his principal characteristics were a love of horseflesh and a passion for spending money, and the two combined had encompassed him with debts, wherefore he had been recommended to marry an heiress.

Now Joan was an heiress, being the only child of a man who had gained fabulous wealth in the Colonies, and Lord Cavass really thought Joan would do very well. She was delicious to look at; she did not appear to have as much go in her as he could have wished, and he thought regretfully of certain young ladies of his acquaintance who were brimful of that delightful and mysterious attribute go, but alas! they were impossible as Lady Cavasses. Really Joan would make a very fair Lady Cavass, and a man, even a nobleman, cannot have everything: the poor decided to forego go, and smiled upon Joan very sweetly.

"Fond of—er—hunting, Miss Maynard?"

"Oh, no, I ride very little."

"But drive, I suppose?" with a kitling glance.

"I am afraid I like better to be driven."

"Ha, ha!" Joan wondered where the joke came in. "That would suit me exactly; perhaps, however, you would like to learn to drive; I should be charmed, don't you know, to teach you!" His smile crept nearer and became a degree significant. "You might have your first lesson now if you liked to take the ribands."

But Joan rejected the overture.

"I think we must have a little regard for the lives and limbs behind us, Lord Cavass."

"Oh! they would be all right; I should be at hand, don't you know. I taught a girl to drive a team once——"

He pulled himself up short; there might be an element of jealousy in Joan's disposition, and she might not care for the rest of the story.

As she was not listening, however, it did not matter so much; she had become interested in a conversation emanating from the sacrifices behind her, and carried on for the most part by an old gentleman with a turn for argument and Mr. Despard.

Despard had the gift of voice, and surely of all potent, subtle charms vouchsafed to man or woman a really beautiful voice ranks first. It must be rich, it must be strong, it must be full of thrilling tones and musical modulations, it must be changeable. It must be supported by intellect and aided by readiness of speech and a fine choice of language, then it is a power, for good or for evil, whose magnitude can scarcely be measured. Listening to Despard's charming voice and drinking in the delightful August air, Joan leaned back content; only Cavass was so disturbing with his high-pitched organ of speech.

"Been to Ascot this year, Miss Maynard?"

"Never in my life."

"Ah, you have something to live for!" with a fine burst of enthusiasm. Then gliding into sentiment, "How I should like to show you the course on the Cup Day!"

Joan was singularly obtuse to-day; having missed his lordship's joke, she overlooked his sentiment.

"I don't think I should care for it," she replied, matter-of-factly. "Racing is not at all in my way."

"You don't mean to say you disapprove of it?" Cavass looked blank.

"I think it does a great deal more harm than good, but of course my opinion does not affect the turf much."

It affected the man of ancient lineage so heavily that it reduced him to silence for a measurable time, during which she got another chance of enjoying the clever argument carried on behind her back. How well, how clearly, how forcibly Mr. Despard spoke!—what a pity he did not possess a title and a capacity for driving bays!

"If I read you aright, Miss Maynard," Cavass recommenced presently, and he spoke as one to whose penetration all feminine idiosyncrasies were as an open book, "you are not one of those overbearing women who force their own opinions upon all belonging to them."

"Oh, no. I think even a man ought to have opinions of his own."

"And act up to them; you would like a man to act up to his own opinions," eagerly.

"Certainly." Joan spoke thoughtlessly, engrossed by Despard's argument, and she only realized the mistake she had made when she found that Cavass' silent hour had expired; he was a disturbing element for the rest of the drive. But the ruins were reached at last, and alighting from her elevated perch Joan Maynard stood passive in the sunshine, while Lord Cavass prowled round her, examining her points, as he elegantly phrased it, and summing them up with an enthusiasm of which, as of his objectionable scrutiny, luckily for himself, the girl was unconscious.

"She has not a blemish; thorough-bred—'pon my word."

Now, in point of fact, Joan Maynard was not thorough-bred, but really looked as if she were. Tall and fair, slim and straight, there was about the supple figure a statelinness, and a dignity which gave it distinction; the pose of the head and the carriage of the shoulders was especially good. The head itself was covered with hair of golden brown, one of nature's pretty tints, and in nowise to be confounded with those fashionable hues, the red or the canary gold, which cunning vendors of dyes have so besmirched over feminine heads. Joan's hair was bright with gleams and glints, and Nature's curling-tongs had given it a wave which was not frizzy, and which never came out in damp weather.

Then Joan had a complexion, and in that she differed from hundreds of other beauties, inasmuch as her coloring was of the come-and-go order, not lilies and roses fixed, put on in the morning and merely touched up during the day. Joan's skin was deliciously soft and clear, and the enchanting color rose or retreated upon or from it.

Surprises are generally attractive, and Joan's face was full of surprises: the little piquante features were capable of a hundred expressions, the girl's smiles were changeful, sweet or grave; the girl's eyes were very chameleons, for if they shone blue in this light, they looked gray in that, and dark to-day would be light to-morrow, while sometimes they were very deep and sweet and soft, and at others bright like stars, and they could be full of laughter and roguishness and witchery, or they could be—ah! tender and sympathetic beyond words, and then were they most deeply dangerous.

For the rest, Joan was garbed in white to-day; she wore a frock of a remarkable fluffy nature, made with the excellent plainness which just now obtains favor, the skirt touching the ground and hanging close and straight, the bodice slightly gathered in at the slender waist and confined there by a belt of Norwegian silver, the high collar and the very full sleeves fastened by silver clasps which matched the belt. Her hat was large and covered by snowiest ostrich plumes; her gloves were tan, with long wrists and few buttons; her parasol was white and of abnormal dimensions; her shoes were—perfect.

So Joan Maynard stood in the sun, and Lord Cavass found no flaw in her, while Joan found no fault with his lordship's impertinent scrutiny because her mind was engrossed by something else.

Just a little away from her, so arranged around an angle of the ruin that although they were visible to Joan, she was unseen of them, there stood a man and a woman, the latter a young thing of thirty odd, skittish and spiteful, the man by name—Despard.

Said the young thing: "And what do you think of the beautiful heiress, Mr. Despard? Are you raving about her like every one else?"

Answered Despard, suppressing a yawn: "You mean that tall girl in white? I can't say I have observed her particularly—as yet."

"Oh! how remiss of you. Come now and let me introduce you."

"No, thanks. I don't think she would be quite my style."

"You decline to enter the lists with Lord Cavass, perhaps. Really Lady Lea's matchmaking is too barefaced, isn't it?"

"You think so? Such a match would be fitting surely. An impecunious peer and a wealthy beauty must have a bond of natural affinity between them."

CHAPTER II.

The pair betwixt whom there was supposed to exist the bond of a natural affinity were together, as they had been all day. Together they had explored the ruins, side by side they had lunched, together they now wandered forth afresh; but Joan was turning, as the worm turns in time, against this infliction of Cavass, and nothing but Cavass. She had become silent and sarcastic, although Lord Cavass was in a merry mood; the champagne at luncheon had been plentiful and good, and he was quite decided now—in what he was pleased to term his mind—that Joan would do. In fancy he saw himself free of debt, and the change in his companion's manner put endeared her to him the more; he treated her snubs as jokes and thought within himself:

"She has more go in her than I gave her credit for. I might do worse, 'pon my word."

"Are we never going home?" Joan cried in her weariness. "We have seen everything, done everything, and I prophesy that it will pour with rain directly."

"You are tired!" The peer looked at her tenderly. "I have dragged you about too much. Let us sit in this cosy nook and—chat." He lowered his voice thrillingly.

"I detest cosy nooks," retorted Joan with that evil spirit which Cavass admired. "I think picnics are horrible institutions."

"So did I think so until to-day——"

"You have been very lucky if you have found anything to-day to change your opinion," interrupted the irate damsel. "Where can Lady Lea be? She cannot notice how the weather is changing. We shall have a storm."

"The weather is all right," said the noble, with misplaced confidence; then with an inspiration, "Miss Maynard, come this way, will you? There is a—er—view I should like you to see and I believe Lady Lea went this way, now I think of it."

"Are you sure?" suspiciously.

"Saw her, don't you know, walking with that lawyer fellow Despard."

Joan turned like a lamb. Cavass drew up his noble head, adjusted his stiff necktie, and softly said:

"Miss Maynard, when the time does come to leave these ruined walls," he paused to look around him sentimentally. "You will let me drive you home again, won't you?"

"I think not," with a certain firmness. "Some other lady should have the honor I monopolised on our way hither."

"You are not afraid to trust yourself with me?" smiling with unspeakable meaning.

"Oh, no, I think you can drive."

"Ha, ha! And that is about all I can do you think?"

"I did not say so," wearily.

"Splendid—'pon my word—splendid, ha, ha!" Then he cleared his throat, lowered his voice and fixing Joan with his eye (within which orb shone that mystic expression which we unjustly attribute to the poor sheep) he continued, "I am sure of this, Miss Maynard, if you and I could see, don't you know, a great deal of one another, don't you know, we should—er——"

"Quarrel. Yes, I know it. I have a prophetic soul, Lord Cavass, and I foresee storms before they arrive. Here come the mighty drops of rain, now where can we shelter?" She looked round wildly. "Run you hard round that corner and see if there be any shelter in that direction."

But apparently she did not trust to his running for she ran herself—the other way. She flew forward, impelled, no doubt, by the furious rain descending upon her flimsy parasol, and she chose her course fortunately, for as she flew round a bend in the path, she saw a building ahead of her, it mattered not what kind of edifice—barn, pig-sty or fowl house—provided it have a roof, is welcome when the rain is pouring in sheets upon our white gowns and ostrich feathers.

Joan reached the building, struggled with the door which was barely ajar, dashed in and dashed the door to, shutting out the torrent which was accompanying her.

"That is a blessing," she ejaculated, and stood panting.

"But not an unmixed one I fear," observed an unexpected voice, proceeding from the dim recesses of the barn. "The impetuosity of your sex has made you close that door."

"The violence of the rain made me take so necessary a step," corrected Miss Maynard. "It was beating in in torrents."

"Granting that, there may be worse evils than the spoliation of your hat. How do you open that door?"

"I have no desire to attempt it so long as the storm rages and the wind sets this way. When the rain ceases if the door resists me I am sure your superior powers will be able to master it."

But all that ungrateful man said to that sweet flattery was, "I wish I had such confidence in my powers."

"I am sure," began Joan, coming a little nearer in pretty anxiety to cheer and encourage, "that if you are suffering from any lack of self-confidence, it will pass off directly. Men never do suffer from anything of that kind except in the slightest, most evanescent fashion."

"Ah! you speak as one whose knowledge is profound," respectfully. "You have studied the vexed question of man?"

"I have studied it a little," carelessly. "It is not a difficult subject. By-the-way Lord Cavass is outside, running about somewhere." She pointed vaguely in the direction of the waterspout which they could hear descending. "If he has any sense at all he must find his way here, and he can let us out."

"You are sanguine. I should say Cavass is drowned by this. Was he escorting you when you rushed in here?"

"Not immediately, or, I suppose, he would have rushed in also."

She laughed a little, but her companion's depression remained.

"Yes. I thought perhaps you gave that peculiarly violent slam to the door with the view of excluding Lord Cavass as well as the rain. I thought that as you had had him on guard for so many hours unrelieved you might possibly have grown a little tired of him. I don't profess, of course, to understand your sex as thoroughly as you do ours, but I know how fickle you are and fond of change."

"Ah, I see!" said Joan, with quick, bright sympathy, "you are thinking by the light of some past and personal experience. Someone grew tired of you one day and—I quite understand. Only tell me," with impulsive eagerness. "If it is not too home a question, do tell me this—how did she manage to make you clearly perceive that she was tired of you?"

"Like all women you jump to conclusions too rapidly," was the stiff response. "I was not thinking of myself at that moment."

"No; how strange," innocently, and then they listened to the rain awhile, after which Miss Maynard smiled upon her companion quite angelically. "And so you think that women are fickle, Mr. Despard?" He rose to the bait. He began—

"I hold a belief which may be erroneous."

"Most probably so," from Joan encouragingly.

"But which, at all events, errs on the side of charity."

"Really?"

Despard gave her a keen and rather long glance, he had a way of giving such glances, then, as if no interruption had been made, continued—

"I hold that it is impossible for a woman to be constant. Men blame her for fickleness and falsity, love of change in fashion and sweetheart and so forth; I hold that in all her fickle inconstancy she does but fulfil the laws of her nature. She cannot do otherwise. You look surprised, Miss Maynard, you wonder at my leniency?"

"No, I don't wonder at all," said Joan slowly. "Just at first I was surprised to hear a being to whom one accredits intellect and sense, talk such utter nonsense, but I see how it is," pleasantly. "That inordinate vanity which is the bane of every masculine mind, leads you to deliver yourself of opinions on subjects of which you have no knowledge."

"Oh, is that all? You are not so charitable as I, Miss Maynard."

"No, Mr. Despard, but I am more correct."

"You think I know nothing about women." Leaning against the wall of the barn the lawyer surveyed his pretty companion as searchingly as the imperfect light would permit.

Outside the rain still fell in noisy torrents and the wind roared: the wandering feet of Cavass, if chance should lead them to that closed door, would assuredly not be heard by those inside, but those inside just now had forgotten my lord of Cavass.

Joan looked up at the lawyer; he was unusually tall.

"Your own lips have assured me of that truth," she said gently.

"Yet you know all about men?" musingly. She made a pretty little deprecating gesture.

"Oh, I don't say that. I have studied them, as I told you. I have discovered many of their faults, penetrated their weaknesses, sighed over their follies, to some extent, but only to a certain extent. You have myriads of faults and weaknesses and follies of which I know nothing yet."

"And our virtues?" diffidently.

"I beg your pardon," with a perplexed glance.

"If you have studied man thoroughly you must have learned his virtues."

She shook her head, looking doubtful.

"I have not seen any. You may assume them at times," with a charming, frank glance. "Mr. Despard, I will not follow your example and pretend to a knowledge I do not possess. I know nothing about masculine virtues. I think they exist only in your own imagination."

"I think you have wasted your deep study upon very poor specimens of my sex."

"The common specimen. The ordinary man whom one picks up anywhere, or perhaps I should say, who thrusts himself upon one everywhere."

"I should like you to study one who has in fact rather had your improving society thrust upon him. I think after careful research you would discover in him some qualities which might interest and be new to you."

"Can you provide me with this interesting specimen?" she asked, a little doubtfully.

"I can, if you will undertake to do him justice, to concentrate your entire interest upon his study and grudge no amount of time thus occupied."

"You are, of course, thinking of yourself," remarked Joan coolly. "No, no compliments on my penetration please; the most cursory study of your habits acquaints one with the fact that you men talk of yourselves and think of yourselves before anyone else. But, Mr. Despard, I was going to say—you have already aroused some interest in my mind by certain observations uttered by you, and accidentally overheard by me this morning. I think you may prove worthy of further study."

Despard looked distinctly uncomfortable.

"I feel honored, of course, but—might I ask you to repeat those remarks of mine?" with visible nervousness. "I am not just now aware——"

"You must be aware how few unstudied observations can bear repetition," she smiled sweetly. "I am sorry I have to disagree with you, but I don't consider those of yours are among the few. Let us turn our attention to something more profitable. How do you know that door will not open?"

"It will open easily enough from the outside, but you see we are both within, and from the inside I fear it cannot be unlocked."

"Not if we concentrate our united powers upon it?" coaxingly. "Oh, Mr. Despard, the storm is nearly over—do let us get out in some way."

"The door fastens with a spring lock," explained the lawyer, showing it to her. "When I came in I noticed that and adjusted a piece of wood to prevent the wind from blowing the door to, but you see, you entered so rapidly that ere I had time to warn you the mischief was done."

"And of course you were thinking only of yourself in your arrangements with pieces of wood, and so forth. It never entered your head that some one else might need shelter as badly as yourself. However, as you are already punished, I suppose I must not reproach you."

Whereupon Despard gave her another of his glances and said nothing.

"Where can that stupid Lord Cavass be?" Joan's thoughts took a fresh flight. "All through the day, when utterly useless, he has haunted me; in the one moment when he might be of some service he becomes invisible. That is manlike again, isn't it, Mr. Despard?"

"I am not bound to incriminate myself—nor—to associate myself with Lord Cavass, I think."

"See—the sun is shining. I see it actually shining. The whole party must be preparing to return, and—here are we."

Despard appeared so impressed by the profundity of that last remark that for some moments there was silence. Joan, thinking he might be devising ways and means of escape, respected his meditation awhile, and contented herself with shaking the door and poking at the lock, which hundreds of such fingers as hers could never open. Presently, however, her ill-temper reasserted itself.

"Men are creatures of no resource," she observed pointedly. "I see now what makes a hero, a genius, a leader among men—simply a little fertility of resource, neither more nor less; that being possessed but by one man in a thousand, naturally lifts him above his fellows."

"I do not aspire to be a leader among men," said Despard, awaking modestly from his brown study; "but I am going to try to deliver you from this incarceration vile, Miss Maynard."

She clapped her hands gleefully.

"You have resources. I spoke too hastily. Mr. Despard, if indeed you set me free, I will apologise for all my injustice and sarcasm."

"Were you sarcastic?" indifferently. "You see that little window in the roof—we derive therefrom the light by which we behold each other. I behold a rope dangling from that roof. I am going to climb up by it, and, if possible, force myself through the window, let myself down outside and open the door."

"Are you an acrobat?" the girl enquired, with bated breath.

"No; but I was a sailor once—before I became a lawyer."

"What a pity you changed your profession. However, don't attempt this." Her whole manner suddenly changed, and she actually laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "I would rather you did not. You are a big man and a heavy, I had almost said an unwieldily man. That rope looks rotten, and the window impossibly small. Don't risk the fracture of all your bones."

"Don't you think it is worth a little risk to get that apology of yours?—anyhow, I am going to try for it."

He looked down, right into the upraised eyes, and he smiled as one who could not help a smile of involuntary admiration.

"I am sure it is unnecessary to break all your limbs. Lord Cavass must come presently."

"That fresh allusion to Lord Cavass settles the matter. You shall be convinced there are others in the world possessed of strength and—how did you put it?—fertility of resource, besides Lord Cavass."

Then he began his ascent. How he did it Joan never knew; though she watched while her hear thumped and she grew hot and cold in an agony of fear and suspense; but at length Despard's voice spoke down from invisible heights, and spoke cheerfully.

"I have got up, and I think I can get through—with a squeeze; the only thing is about getting down outside. I have nothing here to fasten the rope to securely—this iron hook is shaky. I am going to let myself down with the rope outside. Do you think, if I throw the other end to you—there is plenty of length—that you can hang on to it with all your weight, Miss Maynard, and supplement the hook?"

"Yes," she said. So he threw down the rope, and she seized it and clung to it as if it were her own life she was grasping.

She held her breath as Despard squeezed somehow through the roof window, and then she held the rope more convulsively; she felt the strain upon it as the man began his descent, and presently, suddenly there came a sickening jerk—the hook had given way; the rope started and flew up, carrying Joan indeed off her feet as she clung to it, but she never let go her hold, and fortunately the rope was a good deal stronger than it looked, and bore the strain for a few more moments—ere it snapped. That shock sent the girl down upon the floor, but she picked herself up, none the worse, and thinking only, "Is he hurt?"

There was a dead silence outside, semi-darkness inside, and the feeling of utter helplessness which now overpowered Joan was worse than the sensation of fear.

For a few moments, silence, darkness, fear, helplessness—then the door opened, and Despard appeared within its portals.

CHAPTER III.

JOAN made a rush at her deliverer.

"Are you unhurt, Mr. Despard?"

"Fairly so. My arm is sprained a little, but nothing serious. You stuck to that rope very pluckily; without doubt I owe you my life."

He spoke lightly, so the girl answered in like tone:

"And now I owe you my apology."

"We won't have it yet, we will wait till we are able to enjoy it thoroughly. The thing to do now is to remingle with our fellow picnickers as quickly as possible. When I was suspended in mid-air, I fancied I heard the rumble of many wheels. I hope our friends have not departed."

But they had. Gone, every one of them, including my Lord Cavass and his spanking bays. Gone, the well-filled waggonette. Gone, the barouche and the dog-cart, and mine host and hostess. Gone, even the hampers and the flunkies. Gone one and all.

"Like a tale that is told or a dream that has faded away," Despard quoted poetically, looking round upon the scatterings of the feast, all that remained to tell of the riot and repast which had been. "You must permit me to observe that I am astonished at Cavass."

"I am very glad I am not stranded here with him," replied Joan, speaking with more emphasis than reflection, whereupon the lawyer gave her another keen, swift glance.

It afterwards transpired that Lord Cavass, indignant at Joan's desertion and disappearance, had driven off by himself in high dudgeon and dog-cart, leaving the boys for some jehu of more amiable frame of mind. Lady Lea, allowing the wish to father the thought, supposed that Joan had driven off with his lordship in the dog-cart, and no one missed Mr. Despard in the hurry and anxiety of getting home

before another torrent should descend upon gala costumes.

"It is very touching to be left blooming here alone, all our lovely and inconsiderate companions vanished and gone," quoted Despard, still poetical.

"Don't be poetical," snapped Joan. "It is something practical we want now." Then in an entirely different tone, "Mr. Despard, how white you look, you are in pain."

"My arm does—" his voice went off inaudibly, he reeled and allowed Joan to catch him in her arms; she staggered also, for as she had said he was a man of size and weight, but he did not faint quite away, and the girl managed to deposit him upon the ground—flat—as she believed to be correct in such cases. Fortunately they were inside the shed in which the horses had been picketed, therefore the ground thus utilized was dry, and as Joan looked longingly round for some restorative, her eyes fell on a black bottle in which there yet remained some liquid. That liquid was beer rejected by the coachman; but for want of better, Joan poured as much of it as she could down her patient's throat and it certainly had a revivifying effect, for Despard opened his eyes and made a gesture with his hand to prevent her from pouring more.

With true legal caution, however, the solicitor forebore to recover too hastily. He kept his eyes open that he might see the sweet tenderness in the face bending over him, and he feebly but reassuringly pressed the dear little soft hands which were chafing his, but he maintained his recumbent position and allowed the busy small fingers to unfasten his collar and bathe his forehead with a lace handkerchief, and water supplied by a puddle outside, and he was careful to commit himself by no utterance until Joan cried joyfully:

"I am sure you are better, your face looks a natural color now. Is your arm very painful?"

"It does hurt exasperatingly when I move it," and the pallor which returned as he shifted the sprained limb's position, proved that there was no deception about the injury.

"Don't move," commanded Joan. "It is my turn to become a leader and display fertility of resource now. I am going over to the farm there" (the shed and the barn were outlying buildings of a small farmhouse). "And I am going to beg, borrow or steal some vehicle to convey us to the Grange ere we are benighted. Only I do not like leaving you here alone."

Despard had never imagined anything so sweet as the expression of those blue eyes resting upon him, with anxiety and a kind of possessive solicitude.

"Are you sure you will be all right?"

"I am sure I don't at all like being left, but I promise you I won't faint again till you come back."

"Let me put this hay under your head, and just one moment. There! that position is easier, isn't it?" She had with gentle deft touch moved the arm into the easiest posture possible for it, and Despard looked at her with grateful admiration.

"You must be a trained nurse, or an angel."

"No, I am a woman," she smiled; then severely, "you see you actually don't know by sight the thing which you have dared to malign. Perhaps this accident has come to teach you a lesson, Mr. Despard."

"Perhaps I may learn something through it," he assented meekly, and he lay back and watched the tall, well-carried, gracefully moving figure, until it disappeared on its errand of mercy; then he fell to thinking about it, and somehow the time did not seem long ere Joan was again bending over him with pretty anxiety and laughing apologies.

"I hope it won't shake you too much, but it is the only vehicle I could get hold of and I had much trouble to obtain that. The boy says it has springs but I can't see them, therefore, like masculine virtues, I doubt their existence."

However, they agreed to take the springs upon trust, and climbing into the cart they urged the sober horse forward at a walk. Once he essayed a jog trot, but the look on Despard's face made Joan check such friskiness, therefore the journey became a thing of time.

The man's arm really was horribly painful, yet he could not bring himself to regret his accident; the tender sympathy in those exquisite eyes, the charming anxiety on the mobile face, made Joan so unutterably lovely, and the change in her manner, the soft sweet solicitude now pervading every tone and gesture, made her so enchanting that the sufferer felt as if rather than miss all this he would have sprained both arms and yet one leg. Perhaps his head was a little dazed by pain.

"I think I will make that apology now and get it over!" said the girl ere they arrived at the Grange, but Despard stopped her.

"Not yet. I don't want it just a formal, obligatory thing. I want it to come from the heart. I want you in fact to study me first—please."

Then Joan, while consenting to humor him, actually blushed.

When they entered the Grange they found Lady Lea in terrible perturbation. She had missed her darling Joan, and worse still, she had perceived that Lord Cavass looked sullen and annoyed, and that Sebastian Despard was absent.

"If you must have an adventure why have it with a detrimental?" she asked severely of her guilty guest. "If it had only been Lord Cavass."

"I might have slain him before this," was Miss Maynard's shocking reply. "And we should certainly have been still in that barn. Let me break it to you gently, Julie; I cannot do with Lord Cavass at any price."

"Joan dear," pleading, "his title!"

"Julie dear, his brains—so conspicuous by their absence."

"Joan," exasperated, "what do you want with brains in a husband; with your own brains, your money and your face, if you became Lady Cavass you might be a leader of fashion, a queen of society; anything."

"I would rather be anything than Lady Cavass."

"You stupid girl, I could shake you. I wish Mr. Despard were—well in his office, if that be far enough away."

"Poor man, I am afraid he won't be able to return to his office for some time. You will have to nurse him, Julie."

"What has the idiotic man been doing to himself? Spraining his arm indeed; that would never have happened if he had stayed in his office as a lawyer should. What could possess Josh to invite him here? Oh! the trouble husbands give one."

"Yet you wish to force one upon me?"

"Not like Josh. There isn't another like him," proudly. "Nor yet like Despard. I detest men who can't go out without meeting with accidents. No, the husband I recommend to you, is one whom——"

"I would not marry if there were not another man noble or simple remaining. Disabuse your mind of those vain hopes, my Julie. I have tried hard to please you and I rather fancy between ourselves I have pleased Lord Cavass—but, the fact remains, I am not disposed to matrimony."

"You are disposed to make a goose of yourself," said Lady Lea.

CHAPTER IV.

"DON'T think I have come to gloat over your affliction, Mr. Despard," said Joan entering the study in which the solicitor and his bandaged arm were secluded.

"I have but intruded to see if I can cheer you or be of use to you in any way."

Despard looked at her and it struck him that she had improved since yesterday; her hair shone more brightly, her face appeared sweeter, her eyes more deep and starry, or he fancied it.

She wore a frock of white serge whose sleeves and part of the bodice and skirt were stylishly covered with a fine black braiding, and the combination and the style of the dress suited her well.

"I have not felt dull," the invalid spoke languidly as befitted his condition. "A little while ago the melody of the Cavass voice has floated to me through the open window. I knew from its jubilant notes that it was addressing you, and I have amused myself by surmising what it might be saying and what you might be replying."

"Dear me; a fresh discovery; what trifles light as air can amuse the master mind of man."

"The Cavass flirtation is not such a trifle in my eyes," the man replied without resentment.

"Well I hope you will turn your mind's eye now to something a little more sensible or my visit will be brief. I came to know if you had any letters of importance you wished written, or rather any you could trust me to write for you?"

"This is a great honor and a very kindly thought," with his inscrutable smile. "Was it a love letter you had in your mind, Miss Maynard?"

"If you have one on your mind I daresay I could manage it for you."

"I daresay you could far better than I. Do you know," he turned and looked at her to ensure her full attention, "I have never written anything approaching a love letter in my life, and the time has not yet come for my first attempt."

"You must not put it off too late," advised Joan kindly. "I should like to see that first attempt; what a crude, delightful thing it will be."

"I promise that if ever it is written you shall see it." He spoke with intense quietude and his eyes rested still upon her face.

What induced her face to change color, Joan the heroine of a hundred flirtations; she who had studied man and found him uninteresting, could she feel confusion and blush before one poor specimen of the despised sex? She rallied her forces, but while doing so she turned her head away from the penetrating, disconcerting gaze of the specimen.

"I am afraid your mind is a little weakened by pain," she said charitably. "You don't seem able to understand my offer. I thought you might have some fond relative whose anxiety after the news of your accident you might desire to relieve. A too doting mother, perhaps, or a blindly adoring sister, or mayhap a maiden aunt."

"I see. It did not come within the dream of your philosophy to picture for me a nearer and dearer tie."

"Than the maiden aunt? I did not think it probable; but noting how your mind runs that way, of course I own it possible. You don't look like it, but——"

"How does a man look when so blessed? You, who have studied mankind in all his bearings, surely you know this well. How does man look when the greatest happiness human life can know is his assured; when the love of a true, tender, pure heart, his own love accepted, glorified, returned, a heavenly gift, is bestowed upon him?"

His rich, deep voice thrilled through Joan's very heart; she felt her face flaming now and she had never been so angry with herself in her life before.

"He generally looks supremely foolish, so, at least, I have seen him in such cases. There is an air of wisdom about you, real or assumed, which precludes the idea of——"

"Anyone having yet been found foolish enough to care for me. You are right, Miss Maynard; upon the whole of this wide earth there is not one living creature who cares one thought for me."

The bitter pathos in those tones thrilled Joan's heart again in another fashion.

"Oh! you must have relations—friends. If not, it must be your own fault."

"I have crowds of so-called friends; they care as much for me as I for them. I have no kith or kin."

"Not even the maiden aunt? What can you have done with them?"

"I was never blessed by the maiden aunt. I never had brother or sister. My father and mother died within a week of each other, when I was just old enough to feel my loss. My father"—he spoke sternly, slowly, with a harsh ring in his voice now—"killed himself, driven to the deed by another's sin. I was a little chap; I ran into the room and I saw him. My mother followed him, dying of a veritable broken heart, within eight days. The blackness of that week has overshadowed my existence ever since and always must hang over me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE KUDZU VINE.—This is probably the most rapid growing plant in the world. It belongs to the bean family. The leaves look something like a Lima bean. It will grow easily sixty feet in three months. It was introduced into America by the Japanese during the Centennial Exhibition. It is said that in its own country it has flowers like bunches of wistaria. For some reason American summers do not seem long enough for it. It rarely blooms. It is used in Japan as a forage plant. Medicine is made from its roots. Flour also is made from its roots, which is as nutritive as that furnished by the potato; it is obtained by simply grinding in water, and the starch falls to the bottom. The peeled stems are made into cloth. The roots grow to an enormous size. The top dies to the ground sometimes when it seems like an herbaceous plant. It is extremely valuable for rapidly covering anything in one season, besides being always interesting to the lover of the wonderful, on account of the rapid growth.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR is very energetic in the promotion of a love of athletics in his country, and a singular spectacle is now provided at all the recreation grounds on Sundays. Games and sports are freely allowed, but trading of any kind is strictly interdicted and every shop is closed. "It is lawful to play, but not to buy," say the Emperor in effect, "on the Sunday."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE LIFE-TREE.—The "life-tree" of Jamaica will continue to grow for months and years after it has been dug up and its roots exposed to the sun. Leaves severed from the limbs will remain perfectly green for weeks. The natives say that the tree can only be destroyed by fire.

TATTOOING.—A question which agitates fashionable men is as to where they can be scientifically tattooed. It is currently reported that a celebrated tattooer from Yokohama will be at the exhibition at Chicago during the coming summer. Lord De Clifford has his whole body covered with wonderful designs, and is said to have paid thousands for the work. The Duke of York has also some elaborate tattooing on his chest.

THE SMALLEST.—The smallest painting ever made, probably, was the work of the wife of a Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood were a cart and horse, and in the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface could be covered with a grain of corn.

UNMUZZLED.—A curious deception came to light in a continental city recently, in the course of a police raid on unmuzzled dogs. An old lady, whose pet had been seized among others, complained loudly when her pug was captured that the police allowed that of her neighbor, a painter, to roam at will without a muzzle. The police inspector assured his visitor that the artist's dog was always muzzled, and was somewhat taken aback on learning that the muzzle in question was merely painted on the animal's head.

MAKING USE OF IT.—The bamboo and cocoanut palm have usually been considered susceptible of the most varied uses; but we doff our hat to the humble pearl oyster shell. From along the straight edge of it is cut a penholder. Four slices of suitable shape adjoining are made into knife-handles. The thick centre section is converted into a pistol butt. From the remainder are turned out one big poker chip, a couple of cloak buttons, several coat buttons, a pair of cuff buttons, half a dozen collar buttons, and as many shirt buttons.

"HIS MARK."—The signature of the cross—the mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make—was not always confined to illiterate persons; for among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the persons signing, was required to be attached to the signatures of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signatures of those who could not write. The ancient use of the cross, was, therefore, universal. It was, indeed, the symbol of an oath, from its sacred associations, as well as the mark generally adopted; and was, doubtless, the origin of the expression "God save the mark," as a form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

WHERE WOMEN DO AS THEY PLEASE.—The independence of Burmese women is remarkable. They manage their own affairs, have stalls in the bazaar, with which no one interferes, marry when they choose and divorce their husbands as soon as they please. No veils cover their faces; no melancholy seclusion prevents them from mixing with the male sex. They dance and laugh with as many admirers as they choose, and last of all they smoke—not dainty cigarettes on the sly, taking a whiff while they read the latest French novel, as their European sisters do, but cigars—longer than those men use in Europe; cigars a foot long and two inches in circumference, the price about a penny; and they smoke them all day.

IN CHINA.—The life of the Emperor of China is one of the most monotonous which it is possible for a man to live. He is practically a prisoner in his palace, and is denied the wholesome recreations and pleasures which are open to the poorest. The few journeys which he takes are for the sake of visiting the tombs of his ancestors, where he is supposed to spend hours in solemn meditation. Sometimes, indeed, the Emperor of China goes hunting; but on these occasions an enormous suite must go with him, and all the formalities and reserve of the Court must be adhered to. Hunting in such circumstances is likely to be so much a vexation and a weariness that it is not at all surprising that few Chinese Emperors have sought relaxation in the chase.

SUMMER COMES.

BY S. W.

Tripping down the shady lane,
  Sporting o'er the lea;
Peeping through each hawthorn hedge,
  Through each shrub and tree;
Flinging down her joyous smile
  Where the river foams;
Dancing on the bankside—
  Summer comes!

Laughing in the crystal brooks,
  Singing through the trees;
Or, in some more gloomy spot,
  Sighing in the breeze;
Following us with balmy breath
  To our city homes;
Bringing joys to all hearts—
  Summer comes!

With None Between.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVER AND LORD," "WITH A ROD OF IRON," "A MAD LOVE," "DOLLY'S LUCK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI—(CONTINUED.)

COOL as he is and conscious of absolute mastery, he does not make this announcement without obvious and painful effort, and watches its effect on Stella with an anxiety he can hardly conceal. For a second she seems stunned—simply stares before her; then suddenly light and life and color came back to the rigid face, and she springs to her feet with a wild, ringing, utterly defiant cry.

"Never, as Heaven is my witness! I will not stand by and suffer such a crime! I am guilty and miserable enough, but I have not sunk to such a depth as that! No—hear me, Lord Archdale"—as he breaks in with a scornful laugh. "I know all your power, all my own misery; but even to that I will not yield! Sooner than see Miss Jephson so cruelly wronged, I will tell her all!"

"I see!" The man's face is white with rage, his eyes gleam fiercely; but he keeps his tone of mocking banter still. "This is devotion indeed! You comprehend what that 'all' means, of course, and are prepared to proclaim yourself a bigamist, your child——"

"Oh, my child!" breaks wildly from the pale parted lips; but, heedless of that cry, the man goes pitilessly on.

"Your child illegitimate, a beggar and worse than a beggar—a poor nameless friendless creature, whom the world that learns his history with a shock will pity for a while and then forget—who will grow up with bitterness in his heart to learn that the shame and sorrow of his life are but the consequence of his mother's sin—the sin she might have buried out of sight, but would not, choosing that the punishment should fall on him."

Slowly and deliberately the words drop one by one from the man's lips, each one having its separate and deadly sting for the heart-broken creature, who, forgetting her late defiance and revolt, crouches now abjectly at his feet, pleading with maddened energy, yet ready at the moment to yield to the creeping lethargy of despair that seizes upon and sickens her very soul.

"I know all—your power and my miserable weakness!" she urges. "How can I bring all this misery upon my boy? Oh, think what a part—what a wicked unwomanly part it is you ask me to play! How can I stand by and see you do——"

"What you yourself have already done," Lord Archdale exclaims, amending her speech. "My dear Mrs. Wentworth, why should that which was a mere eccentricity in you become high treason in me? If you saw no insuperable bar to your union with General Wentworth, why should mine with Miss Jephson be impossible?"

"I thought you were dead," the woman answers, with a shudder. "No one will believe it; yet, Heaven knows, it is true! I was ill, lonely—all but starving, for I had but one gift that would help me to earn a living, and that, as you know, I had sworn never to use again! And then General Wentworth found and helped and placed me in his sister's house, and proved the truest friend a miserable woman ever had! Thank Heaven, he never knew the wrong I did him when I married him!"

"And we may keep Miss Jephson in the same happy state of ignorance," Lord Archdale says, shrugging his shoulders slightly. "Neither Georgie nor she need suffer, except by your own perverse will. Come, Stella, you mean, I know, to act like a sensible woman, and lay that ugly ghost of the past once and for all."

She does not answer immediately; she suffers him to raise her from her kneeling position and place her in a chair. A leaden grayness has crept over her face, and the eyes that were so painfully bright have grown strangely heavy and dim. Lord Archdale thinks she is fainting, and lays one hand upon the fragile wrist.

"You are ill, Stella," he begins; and she raises her hollow eyes to his almost as though the question gave her a faint ray of hope.

"Ill? Yes, thank Heaven!" she cries, with pathetic sincerity. "Can you not see how ill? I shall not be an obstacle in your pathway long! If you have any pity, any mercy, you will promise to wait! I ask it for that poor girl's sake, for mine, for the sake of your own soul! It will be such a little while!"

"To wait for what?" he asks impatiently. "What is wrong now will be no more right in six months' or six years' time."

"But I shall be—dead!" she says, and the calm solemn certainty of her tone thrills even his callous heart with an unpleasant little shock. "I cannot guard her happiness—I must leave her to Heaven's protection and yours! But she will be safe from the last wrong if you wait till I am dead before you marry her."

"Oh, nonsense; threatened people live long, and you will see your boy's coming of age yet! But I will agree to a compromise; I promise to do nothing in a hurry if you give me a solemn assurance that you will in no way try to influence Miss Jephson or set her against me. Come, is it a bargain, Stella? Georgie's prosperity and peace assured by your silence, or a brief outbreak of defiant speech that may defer my marriage but that will assuredly ruin him and place you in a prison-cell? Come, do you accept my terms? Say 'Yes' or 'No.'"

She says neither; she has fallen back in a swoon, and, bending over her, Lord Archdale decides that the matter has ended on the whole as satisfactorily as he could have hoped.

"I shall take silence for consent. She has virtually given in already," he says with restored complacency, stroking his moustache. "Considering the awful odds against her, she made a gallant fight, though, but for the lucky fact of that young gentleman's existence, I believe she would have run all risks and beaten me out of the field. Poor Stella! She had always plenty of spirit; but what a wreck she is! I suppose she is right about her health; she does not look as though she could last long." He draws nearer, lifts the chill transparent-looking hand and drops it with a slight shudder, not of pain or pity, but of that physical repulsion the selfish living feel to the dying or the dead. "Perhaps, as she says, it would be better to wait. I will wait—at least, until I hear if there is any prospect Oscar Clifford's return."

CHAPTER XII.

"WELL, I shall always say it was a most extraordinary flitting!" Mrs. Jephson says, as she pours the cream into her tea and places a letter beside her plate. "But then she was always extraordinary, from first to last—so very unlike other people!"

"Who is the offender, Helen?" Mr. Jephson looks up from the Times to ask. "I caught something very severe about some one, but did not hear the name."

"Oh, that Mrs. Wentworth! I told you the other day that when I drove over to Conway Dell, just to see her and tell her of that queer picture of Lord Archdale's, the 'Eurydice,' you know——"

"Yes, I know. You found the Dell shut up and Mrs. Wentworth gone; but that is old news, Helen. Why should it stir you to indignation now?"

"How stupid you are, Quentin!" the lady answers pettishly. "Of course it is not that I should have wasted a second thought on a neighbor who, from the first, was most unneighborly, but Janet Larkins' letter put her in my mind."

"And what has that queen of all the gossips to say?"

"You need not sneer at my friends, Quentin!" Helen cries, with so much dignity that poor Mr. Jephson, who is anxious to finish the subject and get back to his Times, is perforce obliged to apologize and humbly entreat that Mrs. Larkins' latest utterances may be retailed to him.

"Janet is by no means a gossip, but she has a wonderful faculty for picking up news and finding out where people are. You know what a ridiculous mystery the Wentworths made about the place they were going to——"

"I know the servants could not answer your question on that point, my dear."

Mrs. Jephson acknowledges the injudicious interruption only by a witheringly scornful glance, and proceeds with her tale.

"Well, Janet is in Rome, and met the whole party—mother, Georgie, and maid—at the station the other day; and found from the servant that her mistress meant to winter there."

"To winter in Rome?"

It is Kitty who speaks now, joining for the first time in the conversation.

"Yes, in Rome. There is nothing so very startling in that; but, oh, I see——" She pauses, with a slight malicious laugh and significant glance, one of the small sharp weapons with which women so well know how to wound. "I had forgotten the place was so interesting to you; of course, Mr. Oscar Clifford is there?"

"Yes." The clear eyes do not droop, though the proud face colors slightly. "Oscar is still there, most probably, though Lord Archdale said he was going to New York to be married."

"Oh, Archdale is another old gossip! That is what makes him so popular with you women, I suppose," Mr. Jephson remarks, partly because he divines that his wife is in one of her malicious moods, and partly because he catches some glimpses of his daughter's pain. "I dare say he spoke without warrant, and that the whole story of young Clifford's engagement is a mere canard."

"Then you are quite wrong, Quentin!" Mrs. Jephson cries, with manifest triumph. "Janet has a great deal to say about that engagement too. She says it is the gossip of the place, and most people think it a pity; for, though Mr. Clifford is a clever young artist, Miss Grandison, with her money and fame as a beauty, might have done so much better—might have married an English peer!"

"Archdale himself, for instance. Perhaps that accounts for the acerbity of his tone," Mr. Jephson suggests, with a comically despairing glance at the tempting broadsheet he seems destined never to read.

But the pleasantry he indulges in is anything but well received. Kitty Jephson's smile is of the faintest, and Helen answers with immeasurable scorn—

"That idea is simply absurd, as you must know very well if you will only give yourself the trouble to think! Lord Archdale is hardly the sort of man to be rejected by an American adventuress or any girl in her senses."

She places a weighty emphasis on the last words, and delivers them point-blank at the half-oblivious Kitty; but Mr. Jephson, in blissful ignorance of the fine feminine diplomacy exercised before him, feels himself still called upon to reply.

"My dear Helen, is is not a little inconsistent to stigmatize Miss Grandison as an adventuress and in the same breath lament the fact that she is throwing herself away upon Oscar Clifford?"

"It was not I, but Janet Larkins who lamented that," Mrs. Jephson retorts sharply and with natural dislike to being convicted out of her own mouth. "And why should we trouble our heads with gossip about people who are names only to us? But, if you will lug in Lord Archdale——"

"I lug him in?" Quentin Jephson echoes protestingly and in dismay, with raised brows.

Something in the stormy look of his wife's eyes warns him not to pursue the subject, and he changes it with obedient haste, adding indifferently—

"By-the-way, Archdale will be down again to-day."

"Yes!" Helen glances at her stepdaughter; but Kitty still seems absorbed in her own thoughts, and perhaps for that reason Mrs. Jephson says no more, but resumes the reading of her letters, and allows her harassed husband to become engrossed in his paper once more.

But when, a few minutes later, Mr. Jephson sets forth to his day's work, his wife accompanies him to the hall door, and keeps him there in earnest conversation.

"You should not speak so of Lord Archdale before Kitty," she says severely; "it is most foolish, most imprudent, because——"

"Because what? I am quite ready to admit the folly, Nell, especially as disputing it might lose me my train; but finish the sentence, please."

"Well, because she may have promised to Lady Archdale when you get back to-day!"

"Helen!"

The man's exclamation is eloquent of surprise and something like horror. For a second they look full into each other's eyes; then Helen Jephson raises her light brows and white hands in a graceful parody of alarm.

"Don't look like that, Quentin—you alarm me!" she cries, in plaintive protest against the wrath she has roused. "But do you really mean to say, you dear, stupid old thing, that you never guessed?"

"By George, I do!" Mr. Jephson's answer is most emphatically prompt. "What can there be in common between a worn man of the world like Archdale and my bright high-spirited Kitty? Why, he is old enough to be her father! Well, Helen, what are you laughing at now?"

"At you, my love," is the ingenuous answer. "I was thinking that objection would hardly come well from you. It lays you open to a very obvious retort."

"So it does; but it, if I made a fool of myself, that is no reason why Kitty should follow my example," is what he means to say, but just saves himself and substitutes more politely—"but my exceptional luck might not fall to poor Kitty's share; and I must say I would rather see her an old maid than Lady Archdale."

"Then you are more selfish and less kind to her than I thought," is the quick answer. "Kitty has been by no means so 'bright' and 'high-spirited' of late, Quentin—surely you have noticed that?"

Quentin Jephson assents with a nod and a little sigh; despite his absorption in his young wife, the change in his once idolized daughter has not been wholly lost upon him.

"Oh, yes, I have noticed!" he says bluntly; "but the fact is, Nell, I feared the girl was not happy at home."

"Nor is she," Nell agrees with charming candor; "and therefore the very best thing that can happen to her will be to have a home of her own. She is too proud and too accustomed to control to take a second place anywhere; and of course, wherever you are, your wife must be first."

"Of course," the man agrees a little absently; "but Kitty is not reduced to marrying for a home, or to marrying Archdale, either. There were half a dozen young fellows mad about her a couple of years ago."

"And where are they now?" Mrs. Jephson asks, with a vexed and mocking laugh. She is most anxious for Lord Archdale's success; but it goes sorely against the grain with her to plead for the lover of another, and the story of Kitty's simple triumphs is a wound to her vanity now; "Some are dead, and some are married, and some are in a far country; but it would be as wise for Kitty or any other girl to look for whiteness in last winter's snow as for faith and constancy in lovers of last year. For instance, there is Oscar Clifford."

She pauses, her eyes dancing with malicious glee, as she sees her husband's face cloud with a heavy frown.

"Yes, I thought Oscar was fond of her," he observes; and Helen finishes the speech with pert decision.

"As he was, no doubt; but 'he loved, and he rode away;' and Kitty is quite ready for another wooing now. Do not spoil sport, Quentin, or grumble that Fate has provided you with such a distinguished son-in-law; I at least am Lord Archdale's warm advocate and sworn ally."

"He has spoken to you then?"

Mrs. Jephson nods her blond head with a merry laugh.

"He has given me a strong hint at least, and, unless I am much deceived, he has given Kitty one too."

"Then it appears I am the only person who has not been consulted!" Mr. Jephson cries, with such an exasperated air that Helen laughs again.

"My dear Quentin, the age of parents and guardians is past; young folk settle their own affairs now, and so do old folk, too, for that matter. You did not mention your marriage to Kitty until it was an accomplished fact; perhaps she means to surprise you in turn."

"Not likely!" Mr. Jephson flashes out the angry answer before he sees that it is a personal reflection.

"Well, the fashion of her marriage does not much matter so long as she is married, Quentin," says his wife.

"Happily married," the man corrects, with a remorseful pang. Somehow, his old affection for his devoted daughter, his old jealous fear of losing her, seem to have revived with startling suddenness to-day, and, seeing this, Mrs. Jephson is more

than ever determined that Lord Archdale's suit shall prosper.

"Happily married, of course," she assented, with alacrity; "but, believe me, she will be happier anywhere than here. She is not the sort of girl to fret morbidly or be a sentimentally-exacting wife; so I think you may safely trust her in Lord Archdale's hands."

"If I could feel sure of that," the man begins, but his wife cuts the dubious reflection short.

"You had better feel sure for your own peace of mind, my dear; for what is to be will be—Kitty's marriage, among other things, and that I fancy will come pretty soon. Shall I tell you a secret, dear? It is a secret, mind, for the merest whisper on the subject would wound Kitty's pride; but she is just a wee bit exasperated by her old lover's defection, and rather anxious to have Lady Archdale's presentation at Court chronicled before the new American beauty, Mrs. Oscar Clifford, takes society by storm."

She is so obviously in earnest that she impresses her husband more than he cares to admit. He looks vexed and worried, and says at last, with a reluctant sigh—

"Well, perhaps you are right, Nell; women understand each other, I suppose; but I cannot say I like or approve of the idea."

"Absurd!" Nell says, with a jealous pout. "Did you think Kitty entitled to a prince of the blood-royal?"

"I did not think she would make a marriage of convenience or of pique," Mr. Jephson answers, with more severity than he usually shows to his petted young wife; "however, you and I will not agree upon this point, and Kitty is her own mistress and will choose for herself."

"That is certain. But you will do nothing to set her against Lord Archdale?"

"Nothing! I shall not interfere at all—as you say, I have lost the right," the man observes grimly; "but on the other hand, Helen, you will not try to influence her the other way?"

"I!" Mrs. Jephson's brows and shoulders are questioningly upraised. "Is that a sarcasm, Quentin? You know very well I have no influence with Kitty; she would not listen to a word of counsel from poor me!"

To this speech, as the speaker is well aware, it is not very easy to make a suitable reply: so Mr. Jephson goes off with that worried anxious look on his face still, and his mind busy with most uncomfortable thoughts.

"It is the last sort of marriage I should have anticipated for Kitty—the last sort of marriage she would have made three years ago," he decides, with a sharp pang of remorse. "But she has changed—we have all changed since then. I hope Helen is wrong about young Clifford; I used to think long ago that those two were very fond of one another. Kitty is not the sort of girl to spoil her life for a bit of sentimental nonsense. If she marries Archdale, it will not be, as Nell absurdly suggests, to vex another, but to please herself. Anyhow, I am powerless. I have lost all right to interfere."

Meanwhile, while he pursues his journey in this tempest-tossed and gloomy frame of mind, Mrs. Jephson goes blithely back to the house in search of her stepdaughter, whom she instantly addresses in her most caressing tones.

"Kitty dear," she says, falling in her most graceful attitude upon a lounge near the open window, near which the girl stands, evidently lost in thought, "will you, for the sake of old times, do me one great favor now?"

Kitty turns her clear eyes on her questioner's face in some surprise; her stepmother has not often addressed her in such affectionate terms.

"What favor can I do you, Helen?" she asks slowly; and Helen Jephson answers at once—

"A very great one. You can tell me what answer you mean to give Lord Archdale to-day."

Kitty's face grows brightly red for one second, then the flush fades away, leaving the delicate features proudly pale.

"Is that a guess—a chance shot?" she asks coldly.

"It is more than a guess. Lord Archdale told me his secret more than ten days ago; but I have never been able to guess yours. Do you not think I have been patient, Kitty, and am fairly entitled to some small reward?"

She speaks with playful vivacity, slipping one slender arm about the tall girl's waist; but Kitty releases herself at once from that embrace, and, ignoring the playful question, puts one of her own.

"Were you Lord Archdale's only confidant, Helen, or does my father know?"

"My dearest Kitty, what a question! As though I had any secrets from your father!" Mrs. Jephson says, with virtuous rebuke. "He knows, of course, and is as anxious as I to—well, to offer his congratulations, I suppose."

Kitty cannot very well grow paler, but her lips take a curious curve, and her dark eyes give a quick gleam as she asks—

"Did he say that?"

"Well, not in those words perhaps; but he is naturally not a little elated at your conquest; and indeed, Kitty, you should be a proud girl!"

Proud enough Kitty looks with her graceful figure drawn up to its full height, her lips set, her eyes so resolutely bright, but hardly with that pretty pride of conquest of which the other speaks.

"I understand, then, he, too, is on Lord Archdale's side."

"On his side!" Mrs. Jephson's eyes widen in innocent wonder. "There cannot, surely, be two sides to the matter! Lord Archdale is sure of a welcome from us. Your father was saying just now that he could never have hoped for such a marriage for his daughter; he almost feared at one time you would marry Oscar Clifford."

"A baseless fear," Kitty says calmly.

Helen gives her a quick side glance.

"Of course, all the world knows that now; but he was not always Miss Grandison's property. However, never mind him—tell me about Lord Archdale, Kitty; he is coming for his answer to-day?"

"He is coming for his answer—yes."

"And what will that answer be?"

"I will tell you when I know myself," Kitty says very quietly; but there is something in her look and tone which warns the curious woman that she must for the present be content.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THEN, if I say 'Yes, Lord Archdale, you will understand exactly what it means?"

"I understand, and am content."

The man and girl stand facing each other in the sunlit room. Both their faces are strangely pale and stern-looking for such an interview, but his is the paler of the two. While her eyes express a sort of desperate pride only, his have a curious furtive restlessness, a half-savage and half-frightened gleam.

"I am content," he repeats, and, though his voice is suave and soft as ever, she knows that he is keeping some strong passion in check. "I will do my best to make you happy, and, some day, you may learn to value the love that seems such a trifle to you now."

"Not a trifle, Lord Archdale," she interrupts, touched to a vague sense of remorse and ingratitude by the studious moderation of his words. "I am grateful, and conscious of the great honor that you do me. It is not my fault that at present I can say no more."

"There is no talk of fault. You promise so much, I can afford to wait for you," he interrupts, with not ungracious imperativeness. "You are mine now, Kitty, and you come to me of your own free will."

"Of my own free will," she echoes, though there seems little spontaneity in her reply.

But it seems to satisfy Lord Archdale; he draws the girl to him by both hands and ratifies the bargain with a kiss. She shrinks and shivers, partly because she seems to realize all that her own words have bound her to, and partly because the lips that touch her own are cold as death.

"Are you ill?" she asks, looking up with frightened eyes, and noticing a savage scowl on the man's face; but it vanishes instantly, as he answers—

"Ill? No—only very proud and happy, dear."

Through Kitty's troubled brain there flits a vague idea that pride and happiness have odd ways of showing themselves at times; but she says nothing, and he goes quickly on.

"I may speak to Mr. Jephson at once, Kitty; you wish for no delay?"

A fanciful observer might almost think him dissatisfied with the promptitude of her reply.

"Most certainly; speak to him at once!"

"And shall I be kept on my probation long, Kitty?"

A second's hesitation, during which the girl's hands clasp themselves nervously and the color comes and goes on her transparent-looking skin. Then she raises her eyes, which are less clear than usual, expressing, as they do, all the pride and pain at war in the young heart, and meets her lover's eager glance.

"I am glad you asked me that, Lord Archdale. I wish to be frank and honest with you, and it is easier to speak frankly now. If I am to marry you, I would do it soon. I am not very happy here, as perhaps"—with rather a forced smile—"you have seen; and, more than that, I think my father and Mrs. Jephson will be happier when once I am away."

"And, more than that," Lord Archdale adds within himself, in a concentrated bitterness of jealous fury, "I want to avenge myself on Mr. Oscar Clifford. I read your feelings pretty plainly, Miss Jephson, and will make you pay for them some day. By George, if she only knew!" He pauses, drawing a long breath as the diabolical fancy flashes across his mind. "If she only knew to what she is consenting, or how utterly she will be in my power soon! Even if she should happen to survive me, the secret could be told in a letter to be opened after death."

But his facial control is perfect. Not only Kitty, but a keen and unperplexed observer might fail to divine the tempest of fierce wrath raging beneath that exterior of placid and courteous calm, as the man bends his head and murmurs a few suave words of thanks.

The tete-a-tete, skilfully arranged by Mrs. Jephson, does not last much longer. The news of Kitty's engagement soon spreads through the house, in the curious indefinable way in which such things do get known, and the girl grows every moment more and more wakingly conscious that she is irrevocably bound.

It is a curious feeling. She cannot be said to have acted on impulse, for she has had a whole fortnight in which to consider Lord Archdale's proposal. A dozen times, urged by her better instinct, her nobler and more womanly nature, she has taken pen in hand, determined to write a brief and grateful letter, begging her suitor to let the matter end there, and each time her purpose has failed. She is so conscious that she is nothing and no one in her father's house, so proudly unwilling to remain as a burden and incumbrance where she had once been the all in all.

But even this motive, strong though it is, would not have subdued her better nature alone; it is the sharp sting of Oscar Clifford's desertion, the maddening consciousness that her father's natural affection and her lover's ardent love have failed her alike that drive her into the state of reckless revolt in which a loveless marriage becomes possible. She has taken her fate in her own hands, and given the pledge there is no taking back.

She hardly knows even yet whether she regrets what she has done—whether she is glad or sorry that that weary task of making up her mind is over and done with at last. She has been perfectly frank and open with her elderly lover; on that point at least her conscience holds her free from blame. She has told him that she has no love to give, and marries simply to escape from an ungenial home. Respect, gratitude, obedience—all these are his due, and all these shall be faithfully rendered; but he knows that he will gain and must expect no more."

"I will do my best to make you happy," she thinks, with a sort of dreamy wistfulness, as her step-mother pours forth fluent congratulatory phrases; and Lord Archdale, looking very handsome and distinguished, stands beside her chair with an air of proud proprietorship that she rather feels than sees. "He has been very generous and considerate to me. Yes, I think—I hope—I am sure I have done well. I shall have a busy life—a life full of purpose. Here I should only rust in idleness. Yes—I have done well."

But the very earnestness with which she reiterates the assurance of this fact only shows the real doubt gnawing at her heart. And her father's reception of the news, to which she has looked forward with feverish anxiety, by no means adds to her satisfaction, since she cannot by any stretch of fancy persuade herself that it either pleases or satisfies him.

"You are your own mistress, Kitty," he says, looking at her very kindly and sadly, with, as the girl thinks, something of the old affection in his eyes; "and you know your own mind, I suppose, my dear, since you gave your promise to Lord Archdale without consulting me."

Undeserved as the reproach is—Kitty's sensitive conscience tells her that the breach between them has been of her father's making, not her own—it brings the tears to the girl's eyes and the color in a rush to her fair face.

Seeing this, Mr. Jephson lays one hand upon her shoulder, and cries, in quick affectionate remorse—

"I did not mean that, Kitty; forget my foolish words. You acted naturally and rightly, as you always do. No father in his senses would object to Lord Archdale; nor do I dream of objections unless—Come, Kitty—look me in the face and tell me that you have acted on no foolish impulse—that you are content, that you do not on reflection wish this day's work undone."

Something in his very anxiety, some quick fear that his thoughts have strayed back, as hers are always straying, to that by-gone summer with its dead days of joy, stings her again, makes her eyes very proudly bright, and gives a defiant decision to her prompt reply—

"I would not undo it if I could, papa; and I am quite content."

"Then so am I." The short impatient sigh the sentence ends in seems somewhat to contradict its gist; and, as though conscious of this, the man goes cheerily on—"I congratulate you, my dear, and wish you all the happiness you deserve! I, who know how good and dutiful a daughter you have been, can tell Lord Archdale he had won a jewel of a wife."

"Don't!" The girl breaks in so sharply and almost fiercely that, looking up, her father is startled to see the tears running down her cheeks. "You must not say that, papa; I have been wickedly resentful; I have hardened my heart against you and brooded over fancied wrongs, and now——"

"What now?" a sharp thin voice echoes playfully behind her, and long lean arm twines playfully about her waist. "There was something truly tragic in your tone, Kitty, and you have no right to play the tragedy-queen to-night. Quentin, are you forgetting the respect due to our future peeress? Have you been taking her ladyship to task?"

She gives a shrill little laugh at her own jest; but wins no echo either from Mr. Jephson or his daughter, and, seeing this, Helen grows grave in her turn,

"Were you talking business, and have I really interrupted you?" she asks, with a glance more keenly curious than her words. "I am so sorry; but poor Lord Archdale was really growing impatient of a prolonged tete-a-tete with me—flattering to my vanity, is it?—but one forgives everything to a man so hopelessly in love. You have inspired a grande passion at last, Kitty dear."

Despite her conciliatory mood, she lays a light malicious emphasis on the "at last," unable to refrain from that slight sting. But if Kitty feels it she gives no sign, and only answers calmly—

"You have not disturbed us, Helen. Papa was speaking of my engagement, that was all."

"All we can think and speak of to-night," Mrs. Jephson cries. "Dearest Kitty, I have not been able to congratulate you properly myself, and yet my heart is full! I feel proud, so pleased; you have been such a dear clever girl. This marriage will be a splendid thing for you and for us all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIETETIC VAGARIES.—The dietetic vagaries of Lord Byron are sufficiently well known. They were prompted partly by an exaggerated dread of corpulence; partly by a miserable vanity, for even in the matter of food Byron wished to show that he was not as other men. The first time he dined with Moore and Rogers, at the table of the latter, his host was mortified to find that there was nothing his noble guest could eat or drink. He asked for biscuits and soda-water, but these had not been included in the menu; and eventually he made his dinner—and a hearty one—off potatoes and vinegar. It is difficult to believe that this abstemiousness, which rivalled that of the old hermits of the "Thebaid," was not a bit of "play-acting." As much may be said of his custom at his Newstead Abbey dinners of passing round among his guests, when the cloth was removed, a human skull filled with Burgundy. Was it for the same purpose as that of the Egyptians when they exhibited a skeleton at their feasts? Byron, when he liked, could relish a good dinner; and his fame as a poet, his rank, and the adventitious romance of his career, making him a welcome guest in London circles, he had abundant opportunities of testing the skill of the best chefs in the metropolis.

STARVING AMIDST PLENTY.—At the royal table in Windsor Castle the Queen is graciously attentive to her guests, particularly to the greatest strangers among them.

A French ambassador on his appointment dined at the castle, and was treated with marked courtesy. Indeed, her Majesty addressed nearly all her remarks to him, and at every sentence the polite diplomatist laid down his knife and fork to reply. The watchful attendants instantly removed his plate, and substituted the course.

But the royal observations came so fast that the poor ambassador secured not a solitary mouthful during the entire repast, and left the table hungry, to reflect on the disadvantages of earthly greatness.

MY SAINT.

BY W. W. C.

Into her lovely face I look,
As she stands in the sunlight there;
My beautiful, trusting, tender saint,
So royally grand and fair.

There are times I think I know her well,
And then it seems I know her not;
But the best of my life doth backward turn,
To days that can ne'er be forgot.

Sometimes she puzzles me with her eyes,
Where only riddles seem to be writ;
Then they are clear as sunlit streams,
Where love and laughter flit.

I know to the world she wears a mask,
But her soul to mine reveals
A depth of love and tenderness,
That from other men she conceals.

The Biter Bit.

BY H. S. D.

"BUT, my dear fellow——"

"My dear cox."

"You are not really, hopelessly——"

"Yes, I am," finished the "dear fellow," a handsome man, near thirty, pulling his moustache, with a quietly amused smile on the resolute mouth, "I'm really, hopelessly in love, my dear. What then?"

"You know well enough, Guy," exclaimed his pretty cousin, utterly vexed and distressed. "She isn't worthy of you. She is a heartless, volatile coquette, who will joyfully break your heart for pastime."

"Oh, no, she won't," returned Guy Vernon, coolly, clasping his hands behind his dark curly head, as he leaned back in the fauteuil. "No, she won't; I'll take care of that."

"Nonsense, when you admit being desperately in love with a girl who only cares——"

"For me in her secret heart," again finished the unmoved Guy.

"She has no heart!" vehemently.

"Oh, yes, she has; though she is such an awful coquette, only she'll have to have a severe lesson before she will confess to a heart at all, poor little girl. Here we are, all guests in this 'Liberty Hall' country house for some weeks, so there is time and opportunity to play out the game."

"She'll laugh at you, Guy; refuse you, as sure as you're born."

"Not the least doubt of either statement, my child," returned Vernon, coolly, but his handsome eyes flashed under the lazily drooped lashes. "That is the first time, not the second."

Nesta Fairleigh stared at him blankly. He laughed outright.

"Won't you back me to win?" said he.

"Upon my word, I don't know; yes—I believe I would," added his cousin, beginning to laugh too. "I never did see such a fellow as you, Guy, when once you've set that will of yours on anything."

"Thanks; and if your old playmate should need to requisition your aid, he may count on it in spite of your fears on his behalf?"

"You coaxer," said she, fondly—they were like brother and sister in truth—"of course you may, since you will go your own way."

"You're sweetness itself, dear; and now I'll leave you in peace to your interrupted letters," he said, getting up.

"I did it myself, you dear old boy!" said she, putting up her face for his kiss, as he stooped over her. "I called you in for a scolding, you see, about Geraldine North. I wonder where they all are, and what doing?"

"They are all somewhere in the grounds, I think," said Vernon. "Doing?—well, I can tell you what my young lady is doing, at any rate—flirting inordinately with some fellow, probably Fielding."

"You can say that so coolly, and yet—good Heavens, Guy! can you think that such a girl will be one whit less a coquette as wife than as maid?" exclaimed Nesta.

"I know she will have to be less one as my wife," said Vernon, with a flash in his eyes, "and she knows it. What I think is, that when once she is forced to realise and admit a love for me, she will not care to flirt so much. She is young, spoiled, her head turned by so much adulation. Are you coming, too, to the grounds?"

"Directly this letter is ready. I expect they are all on the lawn."

"The letter?" asked Guy, gravely.

"You cheeky fellow! Be off."

Vernon laughed, and vanished by the window. But the library was on the other side of the mansion to the lawn, and the way round lay through a thick shrubbery.

As he entered it, he heard voices a little way ahead, a man's and a girl's, both familiar enough, and the latter one that sent his blood bounding. As he moved slowly on, not wishing to overtake the couple, and not choosing to retreat, something of what was said reached him through the clear air.

"You were too cruel all yesterday; you would hardly notice me, and were sweet as sugar to Vernon."

A silvery, careless laugh rippled out:

"Rubbish! Don't be absurdly jealous! I don't care a button for any one of you. Vernon is huge fun to flirt with, but I'm no more in love with him than with you, or any of you; tra-ra, not I, so don't look angry, and be disagreeable."

Fielding's answer was inaudible, but here was distinct, with another pretty, thoughtless laugh:

"Can't help it, if he is in earnest. I won't tie myself down. I am amusing myself with him, that's all; and I choose to do it, whether he or any of you like it or not."

"All right, young woman!" muttered the man away behind, with an odd setting of the lips, "and I'll choose to teach you a lesson of the biter bit. Ah, my darling, why do you force me to measures that hurt me so, and worse, must hurt you when you come to your better, more true self?"

He threw himself on a bench, to let the other two reach the party on the lawn before he could overtake them, and, ten minutes later, came quietly strolling up to the group, now gathered about the beautiful, saucy witch.

"Oh, you," she said, with her bright, laughing eyes uplifted to his, "where have you been since breakfast?"

"I am honored in having been missed," said Vernon, with a quizzical look, "only I can't flatter myself that anyone seriously wanted me, or I should have been hunted up. I was in the library with Nesta."

"Oh! we thought you were coming out here sooner," said Geraldine, with the pretty petulance of a spoiled child, but behind, if her lover felt there was a spice of jealousy; she didn't like that staying away with Nesta Fairleigh."

He said, smiling a little:

"I am so sorry, Miss North; am I too late to be of use—whosoever wanted me?"

"Oh, nobody specially wanted you that I know of; but really this morning everybody seems to be somewhere else, and waiting for somebody else to suggest what we are going to do."

The group about had scattered somewhat, talking and laughing, so that this vexed speech practically only reached the man it was aimed at, whose absence from her sovereign presence was the head and tail of the complaint, as he perfectly understood, and it confirmed him with a thrill of triumphant joy in his strong impression that the wilful beauty did, in her heart, care for him. He would test it most surely.

"I understood, at breakfast," he said, carelessly, "that every one agreed nothing was to be done till after luncheon; see, some of them seem preparing for tennis; some of them wandering off in pairs. Shall we stroll too?" bending down with an eagerness in voice and eyes that he did not attempt to veil; "make me happy for a little while."

"Happy! what extravagant nonsense; but I don't mind if we do stroll a bit," glancing up into the handsome face with the most wicked coquetry; but he knew that she no more meant "a bit" than he did, and he therefore led her on and on out of the grounds, and through into the park; beyond keeping up a strain of brilliant, not too intensely in earnest, flirtation to which my lady fully answered.

"Here is the very resting-place I was seeking," said Guy, at length, as they reached a rustic bench placed under a stately tree in a perfect bower of foliage. "Sit down here, shall we? and enjoy the exquisite solitude a deux."

"It must have been grown, this lovely spot, for us, I think," laughed the girl, daringly, as she sank on the bench at his side.

"Assuredly, for a limitless flirtation, adorita Gabrilla," said Vernon.

"For shame, Sir Impudence!" She leaned back, then started forward again. "How hard the back of the bench—and I feel so lazy; can't we sit on the grass?"

"Too damp for you; perhaps this will mend matters if you will lean back again," said Guy, half laughingly, stretching his arm out behind her against the back of the bench, and sank back with a slight flush, but sigh of contentment, murmuring:

"Oh, this is lovely—only your arm will ache so, won't it?"

So far, he thought, the coquettish witch would have gone with any of her adorers; but the next move of his bold test—would she, unless she did care, flirt though she was?

"I don't think you are quiet restful pillowed yet," he said, with soft caressiveness, and drew her nearer, so that practically she was leaning against his shoulder, her slight form within his arm; "so—isn't this more comfortable—you witch?" bending a little.

"Oh, it's delicious, Mr. Vernon! and I feel quite too lazy for anything," laying the pretty head back, and half closing her eyes, but, as he knew, fully aware that his were feasting on the beauty so temptingly near. The rose-tint deepened on the exquisite face; would that change to real or only simulated indignation under his last, boldest test? He almost held his breath in the first dreamy rapture of those moments, then he bent still lower over the fair face nestled against his shoulder. But she did not stir, as if not conscious that now the silky moustache swept her cheek, and instantly rifling lips stole to hers with passionate kisses that either forced her breathless submission, or else held her too in a bewildering moment of ecstasy; then the arrant spirit of coquetry re-seized its rule, and the girl started from him in a blaze that had far too little of any of real anger to deceive him for a moment.

"How dare you, Mr. Vernon?" she cried. "No one before has ever ventured to go so far—and I'll never forgive your audacity, never!"

Vernon, who had risen, stood looking down on the lovely coquette, half laughing, with eyes full of amused admiration. The wicked fellow was sure now of the two disturbing doubts; she had suffered—no, encouraged him so far—and never any other man, because she cared for him; and his stolen kisses were as sweet to her as to himself.

"'Never' is such a long while," he said, indulgently. "You wouldn't be so cruel when it is you who so bewilder a fellow's senses with your beauty—the temptation was so maddeningly near. And where is the harm of a few kisses from me? It's only a little stronger flirtation than even usual, you know. Come, be friends again with your devoted knight, Geraldine," stretching out his hand, smilingly, to her, as she stood with half averted face, still trying to keep the angry frown and pout on the rosy mouth.

"Take me back, please," said she, with all the dignity she could put on, which made Guy bite his lips to keep from laughing outright.

"Your wish is law," he said, carelessly, and they moved on along under the trees back towards the grounds, he perfectly aware of more than one stolen glance up to his face to see if he looked at all like humbling himself at her feet. Not he; he held the trump card, but this was not the time to play it, or in that manner. The refusal he would get just now would give away his game into her hands instead of his. He said, indifferently, after some ten minutes' stroll:

"Well, as it seems I'm past forgiveness, I suppose you don't mind the others thinking that a somewhat desperate flirtation has ended, pro tem., in a lover's quarrel?"

Geraldine reddened to the brow, and said, hastily:

"Nonsense!—quarrel? of course not. Poor fellow! I suppose I must forgive your audacity, though I don't believe you're a bit penitent," now glancing saucily up, the coquette could not resist that look.

He smiled rather oddly.

"Thanks, fairest Geraldine! No, I'm not penitent, I daresay. The fruit was too delicious to be regretted."

He did not say "to me alone;" he knew, and she felt he did, that it was so to her too.

* * * * * *

For several days Guy Vernon made no further overt move in his game, but suffered matters to go on as before, though often secretly chafed, pained, and stung with jealousy. Then he would get to Nesta's side for consolation.

"For you are always the same, dear," he would say, fondly; "but I shall force the climax in a day or two, Nesta."

"She may accept you at once, after all, dear," said Nesta, putting the clustering locks from his brow.

He shook his head with a rather bitter smile.

"No; did ever an arrant coquette accept a man's first offer?"

"But she has accepted your devotions, lately, with such marked favor, Guy—or shall I say flirted with you more than any other fellow these several days?"

"Yes; that is it. She deems me a hopelessly safe captive, and will therefore refuse me to prove she isn't to be had so easily, and drive me to distraction and all sorts of pleading. Instead of which I draw off (as we arranged), and rather devote myself to you. Then I shall see what happens, and act accordingly.

Opportunity was easily made by a man of the world, and he chose to make it that evening whilst some were at the piano, others playing cards and other games.

Guy had been singing, and when released he found Geraldine near a window.

"What a lovely moonlight night," he said, stepping out on to the terrace. "Won't you come out to look Miss North?"

She went out to him, smiling and flushing a little as Vernon put her hand on his arm, and said, moving slowly forward:

"The view is still more charming from the end of the terrace. Shall we stroll there?"

"If you like," said Geraldine. "They're delicious, these autumn nights."

"With a fairy or witch at one's side—or," pausing at the terrace, "will she dance from me along the moonbeams?"

She laughed, glanced up, saucily coquettish, then down.

"Oh, I don't know; depends on how you behave."

This was flirt's paradise—moonlight, a handsome fellow making love to her, who was her devoted captive, and who—well, she liked him awfully, but she wasn't going to let him have his hopes confirmed too soon; it would spoil the fun and him—that kiss, too!

"Don't I always behave well?" Guy said, bending down a little, but keeping a resolute hold on himself, to crush back the passionate words that rushed to his lips, and would have left him no loophole of retreat if she refused him.

"Oh, dear no, you audacious fellow."

"You don't mind that," he said, getting her hand suddenly into his, with a change of manner; "but if you do, if I have gone too far, cannot you forgive, Geraldine, and come to me for life?"

"Mr. Vernon!" she exclaimed, as if in startled surprise, "I really—oh, but indeed I never meant"—she caught her breath, flushing hotly; for all her coquetry, her heart was throbbing so fast. "Let me go, please, and don't be angry," as Vernon at once loosed her hands, and stepped back, biting his lip.

"You never meant—what?" he said, with a tone and gaze that puzzled her, and half confused her for a moment for all her assurance, then she replied.

"Why, anything serious? It's all fun on both sides. I don't want to really be tied down. Yet you know," said she, laughingly, "don't be horrid and serious all of a sudden to tease me when we've only been flirting. I really was only amusing myself, and meant no harm."

"Thank Heaven!" escaped Guy, as if in irrepressible relief. "Then—then I too have done no harm. Miss North, forgive me if I am frank and throw myself on your mercy. I had, I feared, carried the dangerous amusement of a too tempting flirtation too far. I—I felt that in honor I was bound to—not to draw back, and your rejection of your devoted admirer, that I must always be, makes us both quits, doesn't it? and good friends still, I hope," holding out his hand, with a smile.

The tables were suddenly and completely turned on the coquette; at the moment she only felt as if everything was suddenly black darkness, rayless, loveless, then she heard her own laugh and voice, mirthless and afar off, like some one else's, say, carelessly:

"Oh, yes, of course—why not? Shall we go in, then?"

He took her back. Poor fellow! after all he suffered most, because her pain was added to his own. He knew by the very sympathy of his great love, the wild storm of wounded pride, pique, and grief that must needs rack his darling's very heart, the more because pride itself forbade any outburst of indignant reproach to him for "amusing" himself after her assertions of mere flirting. No, the biter was bit, and therein was the sting to her, the humiliation. She loved him, she knew, well, and he had only spoken for honor's sake. It was too maddening.

She sobbed that night when alone, and she dared not even leave Croftley Hall lest that should betray her secret. But oh! how hard, how terrible it was all the

week that followed to bear herself as usual, gay, volatile, flirting with her many admirers as usual. But not Guy, for he, though gracefully attentive, was far less marked, and carried his devoirs more it seemed, to pretty Nesta, than anyone else. One day, half mad with herself, and him, and all the world, Geraldine slipped away under pretence of a headache; she would go and keep quiet for an hour.

Not in her room, though; she stole out and got away to that secluded bench in the Home Park, and once there, safe from sight, sound or intrusion, her whereabouts unknown, she deemed, she flung herself on the seat, and covering her face, sobbed as if her heart were breaking, deafened to the slight sound of the bracken crushing under a light step, blind to the swift advance of a tall figure.

"Geraldine! hush! such tears as those wring my heart." That familiar voice at her very side, that hand on her shoulder; she started round in wild terror, the woman's terror of self betrayal to this man of all others. The burning blood of shame rushed to her very brow, as she gasped, cowering away:

"Leave me. I thought I was alone. Oh, it's cruel to stay. Go."

But Vernon slipped his arm about her waist, and drew her to him with an easy strength that scarcely felt her frantic wrench to get free.

"Ohut—don't; be still, my own little nestling," he said, tenderly. "You can't get free from your lover's clasp now."

"I must; I will!" she cried wildly, still struggling to force away his encircling arm. "You can only hate and despise me. You, who—Heaven! the shame of it all, it kills me! Let me free," she sobbed. She scarcely knew what she said or did in her agony of shame. But Vernon only folded his other arm too round her, wrapping her to his throbbing heart, with all the passion of love in clasp and voice, and the lips that sought hers now.

"Free! darling, never, till you promise to be my wife. I love you more than life; do you hear that? Can love despise? Hush, don't sob so, my dearest. I've been very cruel to you; but only to win you to your own true self, and the sweetest confession man can hear."

"Oh, but you can't, you can't!" The bitter sobs and broken words were half smothered now in his breast, and she was nestling to him. "I've been so miserably cruel and wicked; you can't love such a bad, wretched flirt who—who——"

"Loved me all the time, darling," whispered her lover, tenderly caressing the pretty golden head pressed against him. "You did—didn't you, tell me?"

A whispered—very tremulous:

"Yes—yes, Guy."

"Darling! I knew it for certain that day—those exquisite moments—on this very bench."

"Oh, Guy, Guy—don't! Oh, what must you have thought of me?" came with a fresh outburst.

"Hush! my poor little one; that is how I was sure, and went so far to test. I know you would not have gone so far, or let me, unless you loved me, and believed I loved you. Forgive me, dear."

"It is I to plead that," Geraldine said, humbly, clinging to him, and lifted her flushed face for a moment.

He stooped, smiling.

"Shall we each forgive the other then, sweetheart—so——"

And his lips held hers in a long, rapturous kiss. Presently he loosed her a little, and said, softly:

"Is my Geraldine happy now, and will she mind being 'tied down' to Guy Vernon, who was 'huge fun to flirt with?'"

"Guy! oh, I never—I mean—you——"

"What, sweet confusion!" said he, letting her hide her face again; "never mind, dear, the lesson is over, and Heaven knows it has been as hard and painful to me as to you."

"I'll never flirt again, Guy, never."

He kissed the beautiful face softly.

"I know it, my own Geraldine; you will never forget to be a true, sweet woman and wife."

SAVING THE INK.—A good story is sometimes told of a worthy clerk in a certain bank. He is a man somewhat advanced in years, is a Quaker, and is possessed of all the characteristics of that respected sect. One day a customer of the bank came in and submitted a pile of notes for discount. The clerk looked them over in his deliberate way and remarked—

"Isaac, I will give thee the money on these notes; but thee must indorse them."

The gentleman, who knew the old clerk well, complied, writing his name in a bold, free hand across the back of the promises to pay. When nearly through the list, the good Quaker gently expostulated.

"Isaac, thee should be more careful of thy ink; thee makes a dreadful waste in thy signature."

In endorsing the next note, Isaac, who was not without the spirit of a wag, wrote his name so small that the old Quaker was obliged to adjust his glasses and look closely at it to see that it was correct. Finally, handing it back to the customer, he said—

"Isaac, thee is a very careless man: thee should always dot thy 'i's' and cross thy 't's;' the 'i' in thy surname is not dotted."

To this good-natured rebuke the other replied—

"Not so, old friend. If you will observe the 'i' in question has a fly speck just above it, and I thought that much ink could be saved."

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

In every branch of trade there are to be found unscrupulous persons who, not satisfied with the legitimate profits of commerce, set themselves out to increase their gains by tricks and artifices of a more or less dishonest nature. The "rag trade" is no exception to the general rule. Indeed, it offers unusual opportunities to the unscrupulous trader, seeing that it is so difficult for an outsider to judge of the value of the goods which are sold in a draper's shop.

A system known in the trade as "shaving" exists in certain establishments. Every article in the shop is marked at a price, the marks, however, being only intelligible to the assistants. An assistant may not sell any article at less than the marked price, but he may get as much more as he can by his blandishments and persuasive eloquence, and he is rewarded for his success by a large percentage in the shape of commission on the sum he secures above the genuine price.

Such a system is subversive of common honesty, and the tradesman who practices it does not deserve much sympathy if he in turn is robbed by the employe whom he has trained to aid him in preying on the public.

In order to pretend that they have a large selection of goods, some shopkeepers will mark articles which are identically the same at different prices. A particular flannel, say, is sold in the ordinary course of business at a shilling a yard. A tradesman who is not burdened with a conscience will transform a large roll of this material into two smaller ones, marking one at a shilling and the other at one and threepence. When a purchaser enters the shop, she will perhaps be shown roll number one. Ladies are notoriously fond of having a variety to select from, and, in nine cases out of ten, the customer will say, "Yes, this is very nice, but I should like to see another a little different."

"Certainly, madam," the assistant will reply, and, producing roll number two, he proceeds, "Here's a very nice thing that we are selling just now at only one and three. If you will feel it, you will see that it is a heavier and better material than the other, and I can thoroughly recommend it. I can assure you, madam, you won't get this elsewhere under one and six."

The customer is flattered by the insinuating appeal to her judgment, and lightheartedly pays the extra twenty-five per cent., quite satisfied that she has secured "a real bargain."

Bogus "sales" bring much grist to the mill of a certain class of trader. Some drapers have a sale on nearly all the year round, and they carry on the game in a most systematic manner.

Periodically their old stock is brought out and labelled with tickets: "In Bankruptcy, re Stiggins;" or, "Salvage Goods, s. s. Longshore;" or "Great Fire, Damaged Stock." The wondering visitor from the country is led to believe that never were such bargains offered to mortals before.

In order to give a realistic air to the proceedings a number of cambric pocket handkerchiefs or lace curtains will sometimes be thrown on the floor and sprinkled with the watering-pot used by the porters when sweeping out the shop. Seeing these damaged goods in the window, how can Mrs. Giles doubt that they have been saved from some mighty conflagration, or from the wreck of a ship that has been battered by wind and wave?

In these bogus "sales" the goods—with the exception of a few which are sold below cost price as a bait for the unwary—are marked at a little above their ordinary selling price. The wily shopkeeper puts his trust in the feminine hankering after so-called "bargains," and he is not disappointed. The same labels will do duty time after time, until the magic legend, "re Stiggins" or "s. s., Longshore," becomes faint to the eye through frequent use.

Some of the little artifices which shopkeepers employ are really brought into existence by the folly and vanity of their customers. There are ladies who will ask for gloves a full size too small for them, and will take no other, although the experienced glover can see at a glance that if they tried to wear a pair of the number they declare they always buy, the gloves would burst in all directions, as there is a limit to the stretching qualities of skin.

The glover is always equal to the occasion. On ascertaining the color and quality of the gloves that such a customer requires, he disappears for a moment and brings into play a stamping apparatus, which he has always at hand. With this he stamps inside, say, a pair of "sixes" the figure 5¾. The customer finds that these gloves fit well and wear admirably, but if the glover had really sold her a pair of "five and three-quarter" gloves, she would never have entered his shop again, unless it were to upbraid him for the quality of his [illegible]

The same dodge is sometimes resorted to when a lady takes a fancy to gloves of a particular color, and the shopkeeper finds that he has not the right size in that tint. The hand stamp speedily does all that is required, and everybody is satisfied.

Many people have been deceived into the belief that they were buying French gloves by a variation of this stamping trick. Gloves made in England have often been stamped with what appears to be the name of a French house. The only words legible, however, are "et cie" or "freres," and the public have naturally jumped to the conclusion that the blur which represents the first part of the imaginary firm's title is due to the difficulty experienced in printing upon kid.

PEOPLE WHO WILL NOT MIX.—In various parts of Great Britain there are small settlements of people who in race, manners, language, and costume are quite foreign to the population by whom they are surrounded. One example of such a colony is provided by the fisherfolk of Newhaven, about three miles from Edinburgh. They have retained from generation to generation their characteristics and keep themselves quite aloof from the Scotch, except that they sell their fish in the city.

Their chief peculiarity is that the woman is considered a superior being to the man in the matrimonial partnership. It is the wife, or the daughter, who, winter and summer, clad in a great many skirts one over the other, with a short petticoat of striped red and white, and a long blue cloak, takes her creel upon her back to hawk the fish. She is usually well shod, and wears blue stockings. Her fair hair is confined in a frilled cap. The basket is partly supported on her shoulders and partly by a strap which passes round the forehead; and her hands are left at liberty to knit as she makes her way along the streets. The fishwife is accustomed to ask twice the money she will ultimately take, but the Scotch are good bargainers too.

"Ye are no getting married, Lizzie," said a customer to one of these industrious women.

"Nae. I canna keep a man yet," was the answer.

A married woman's name generally is painted on her husband's boat. The men themselves keep to their own cottages and small harbor when on shore, and one hears from them little but an unintelligible jargon which is probably of Scandinavian origin.

Another strange set of people exist in one community in Kenmare, Ireland. They are evidently of Spanish blood; and the woman wear mantillas. They speak a Spanish patois, and it is remarkable that whenever the news reaches them of the spread of choleraic complaints in hot countries, they appear to develop a similar disease and actually die from the attack in numbers.

To these instances might be added the pig stickers of Waterford, who are a family, marrying and intermarrying among themselves; and also the tall, straight people of "Little England" in Wales.

Intermarriage is the common thing with all peculiar people. There is only one recent instance of a Newhaven fishwife having chosen her spouse outside her own folk. She married a cabman of Edinburgh.

Scientific and Useful.

STEEL BOATS.—Seamless steel boats, each made of only two plates, each plate riveted to a bulb keel bar, which forms also the stem and stern posts, are being made by a firm in London.

THE MEMORY.—Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Among the worst foes of the memory are too much food, too much physical exercise, and, strangely enough, too much education.

A LONG-FELT WANT.—An omnibus has been started in Glasgow furnished with pneumatic tires, which are protected from injury by sharp stones or glass by canvas and wire-wove netting. It has proved a success. There is no jolting and jarring, and the noise is reduced to a minimum.

LOW TEMPERATURES.—A French scientist has been experimenting and has succeeded in producing the extraordinary low temperature of 481 degrees Fahrenheit below the freezing point, a degree of cold almost incalculable to our senses. These researches are not simply matters of scientific curiosity, but are of substantial use, since they open new fields of chemical research.

THE HEART.—All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. This organ pumps each day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high. The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches.

TO MEND CRACKS IN A WALL.—Mend cracks in a wall with plaster of Paris mixed with cold water to a very soft paste. Wet but little at a time, as it hardens rapidly, and cannot be used again. Apply with a knife blade. If the plaster is not convenient, fill cracks with stiff flour paste, cover with a strip of white muslin, and whitewash over. Old, cracked closets look wonderfully well after this treatment.

Farm and Garden.

SHARP TOOLS.—It pays to have sharp tools, even if you have to stop on your busiest days to sharpen them. But a wise farmer puts his tools in order on rainy days.

UNDERDRAINS.—When you make underdrains be sure also to make a map locating perfectly so that they can be found for repairing without too much digging.

WHITEWASHING.—Whenever any building is whitewashed use plenty of lime, and apply the whitewash freely. Give two or three applications, and it will hold its color until next season.

TO KEEP MILK.—If milk is brought just to the boiling point, then poured immediately into cans and sealed air tight, it will keep indefinitely. As the air is expelled by boiling, the milk keeps just as canned goods do.

POULTRY RAISING.—For people who are forced to put up with limited resources, and are unable to do very hard work, there is hardly any occupation that can be undertaken so readily as poultry raising. If they get good varieties and know or will learn how to operate them properly, a comfortable living can be made out of the business almost anywhere.

THE MANURE.—No farmer can arrive at a correct knowledge of his profit from the stock unless he knows something of the value of the manure obtained, and his estimate of the worth of the manure must be largely governed by the quality of the food provided the animals, as well as by the condition of the manure and the manner in which it has been managed.

PARTS OF TOOLS.—The wooden parts of tools, such as the stocks of planes and handles of chisels are often made to have a nice appearance by French polishing, but this adds nothing to their durability. A much better plan is to let them soak in linseed oil for a week, and rub them with a cloth for a few minutes every day for a week or two. This produces a beautiful surface, and at the same time exerts a solidifying and preserving action on the wood.

PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN from the suffering and distress caused by Worms by using Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It thoroughly destroys these parasites, and by its Tonic properities builds up the system. There is no better medicine for the General Debility or Dyspepsia of either young or old. Sold by all Druggists.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Life's Pauses.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of occasional cessation from all work, as well as the necessity for change. Even the organs which never seem to tire—the heart and the lungs—have their periods of ease.

To the undiscerning eye it may seem as if "life's ruddy springs" would "forget to flow" should the heart cease for one moment its mechanical throbbing; but physiologists know that after each effort there comes a brief period of rest, and that out of its apparently incessant tumult the heart snatches six hours a day of momentary quietude.

It is the same with the lungs. All day long we breathe unknowingly, if we are free from pain, and at night the lungs row us through the hours of darkness and unconsciousness with long steady strokes. But between each effort there is a brief period of deep and satisfied rest. The pause becomes lengthened and the restfulness increased in those who, after protracted pain and struggling, are sinking quietly into their "last long sleep on the broad sweet bosom of death." The lungs slowly expand and take in deep draughts of rest which they pause to consume.

It is the same with the tired brain. It must be swathed in forgetfulness every day, or all the chords of life soon jangle out of tune. We think and think and think, we rush hither and thither after business or pleasure, till we become a quivering nerve-centre, all astir; and nothing will bring us to calmness and quiet happiness except the steeping of our brows in "slumber's holy balm."

We speak of resting our wearied limbs, and they may need it, but it is the brain which most of all requires to be drugged to stillness by sleep.

And what is true of the heart, the lungs, and the brain is true of the whole being. It is well to run in the ruts quietly and comfortably; but they may get too deep for progress, and we be too weary of their long straight course to bear them any longer.

Then happy are they who can pause and for the moment make an end, and seek peace in quiet places, where the echoes of hurrying life grow faint and the familiar tasks are all out of reach.

Will there ever come a time when a refreshing escape from the life that has become hard to bear will be within reach of every worker? There is a good deal of energy spent now in the endeavour to reduce the hours of labor each day or each week below a maximum limit. Coincident with that movement there ought to be another for teaching those who have leisure placed at their disposal how to board and expend it.

There is a thrift in time which is as quite as necessary as thrift in wealth. A method is needed whereby the driblets of leisure which come to a man day by day may be accumulated until they amount to a good round holiday sum.

Why should not the general workman and mechanic, when he next thinks of reducing his hours of labor, instead of striking in such a way as to dislocate the trade of the country, or cutting so much per day off his hours of work, aim rather at securing a private week or fortnight for holiday purposes, instead of making a public stoppage which is no personal relief? He would then be enabled to take his family away from their surroundings, and to look with them upon their routine of life with cleansed eyes. What is a necessity for those of us who can bend time to our disposal must be equally valuable to the men and women whose lives are confined within narrower limits.

Yet in many cases they cannot momentarily pause and make an end; they are bound to the wheel. They may feel that the same work day by day is sinking them deeper into the ruts, until presently there will be a stoppage; but it must come of itself. Though every separate piece of work is undertaken through a separate and distasteful effort, and each task leaves an additional weight upon the spirits, there is no escape.

There are three classes of people who are to be pitied on account of their health—those who are convinced they are ill when they are well, those who are not well are but impervious to conviction on the point, and those who know they are not well but who cannot pause for repairs.

And there are many ways of withdrawing for a space from the deadening sameness of life's round. To some the salt breath of the sea is an invigoration that cannot be found elsewhere; others may meet their medicine in the rush of cities and the sense of energy and quick resolution that the presence of a multitude minding its own business brings.

The chief aim should be to change the mode of life, a dull man finding movement and a profusion of images and ideas, the too-busy man finding quietness and rest. But to every one the pause must come, if new energy is to be stored and long-gathered weariness is to be charmed away.

The drip of habit is like the waters that wear the stone; a pause may make the drip fall in a fresh place, where its action will be long in starting a new indentation. But we would not regard these withdrawals from the everyday world only as the means of removing accretions of care that have gathered round the heart; rather let us look at them as giving inspiration for future work.

A modern poet has said that "rest which strengthens unto virtuous deeds is one with prayer." We raise our eyes from our task, look around, and are chastened. Let us rest, but only on the way to more work, for the tasks are heavy and endless, the day is short, and the "Well done!" is not lightly earned.

THE future can never be divorced from the past. It is indeed the inevitable outcome of it. We cannot close up the record of the years behind us as if they had not been, and open a fresh and new one bearing no relation to those that proceeded it. What has been sown will be reaped, and thus, by reviewing the time that is gone, we may attain some degree of knowledge of that which is yet to come. And, as the farmer, though his successes and his failures, learns how better to prepare his soil and to select his seed, so may we learn from time to time the lessons of experience.

WE touch one another in all life's associations; we impress more or less all with whom we contact. In the home, in society, in business we leave our mark. It becomes us all then to inquire what kind of an impression we are making upon childhood and manhood in our several spheres of influence. Is it for good or for ill? If for good, then our life is worth living; if for evil, then it is a failure.

GOOD nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind which disposes us to feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness of others; and, consequently, pushes us on to promote the latter, and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue, and without the allurements or terrors of religion.

THE habit of strict and careful accuracy in speaking, of saying neither more nor less than is felt or thought or known, of recording facts, events, and scenes as correctly as possible, will form the best possible safeguard against the utterance of a conscious untruth, however strong may be the motive which may urge it.

FEW men have ever earnestly striven after a competence, after health, home happiness, love of relatives, respect and confidence of fellow-men, and not attained it. Few men that have so lived have had occasion to part from old associations with dread and to greet new ones with fears.

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those theretofore that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it are desperate.

SUFFERING becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.

THERE are more fools than sages.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MARION.—It is usual to bow on the introduction of a man to you; if to a woman, and one older than yourself, you should take her hand if offered, otherwise you need only bow.

INQUISITIVE.—Upwards of fifty means rather more than fifty; and some fifty people means about fifty, the exact number not being counted nor stated with absolute certainty.

M. N.—Cut glass will not look clear unless thoroughly washed in plenty of water; but it does not require soap. If it is in any way blurred or tarnished, it must be cleaned with a soft brush dipped in whiting, and then polished.

R. T. D.—You are not engaged to the young lady who is the object of your affections, and consequently she has a perfect right to accept the company of any gentleman whom she considers worthy of her friendship.

TARA.—Tara Hill was the ancient seat of the kings of Ireland, and on it are found earthworks and many antiquities. It is situate in county Meath, six miles southeast of Navan. The brooches, bracelets and fibulas which are found there are called "Tara," which shows their origin at once.

AUNTIE.—When a man offers only two fingers or three instead of the hand, in the usual way, it is the result of ignorance, and shows that he has not been taught the rules of good breeding. In any case, it is an indication of a natural lack of warm-heartedness and cordiality of feeling, which may have no personal significance towards you individually.

LOTTIE.—We find in Lippincott's Gazetteer of the World, which is a reliable reference, that the length of the Mississippi, from the source of the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico, 4,300 miles. It runs an extremely sinuous course, which may account for the varying measurements. The length of the Amazon, including its windings, is estimated at 4,000 miles—in the same volume.

CURIOUS.—The Elzevirs—there were three, father, son, and grandson—were celebrated printers at Amsterdam and Leyden, whose reputation was based upon the correctness and beauty of their printing. Hence, an "Elzevir edition" is prized. The Aldine classics came from the press of Aldus Manutius at Venice, and of his son Paulus, and his nephews for a time, and then of his grandson Aldus.

COMMERCIAL.—An international language, not Volapuk, has been formed. It is simply a series of international dictionaries, which are compiled on the system of assigning to an object a fixed number. Thus the sun in English, French, or Russian is always 720. A telegraphic message, "87 6530 13 2800 2 44 1035," would read in English, "We understand the men of all countries," and in French "Nous comprenons les hommes de tout pays."

AMOR.—Spectacles were in use in England, it would seem, in the time of Roger Bacon, who died 1292—no less than 600 years ago—as he makes an allusion to them; and they became rather common in the fifteenth century. Their invention in Europe is ascribed to an Italian, Alessandro de Spina, of Florence; but it is believed that their use was known at a remote period in China. The ancients otherwise knew nothing of them, although certainly acquainted with lenses. One four and a half inches in length was discovered by Mr. Layard at Nineveh, which he thought had been employed for gem-engraving, if not for reading. It is said that Nero had an emerald set in a ring which he used as an eyeglass, being short-sighted, to see the horrors enacted in the arena.

JOHN.—There are undoubtedly cases in which expert and experienced physicians recommend galvanism; but when this is done the gentleman who gives such counsel is prepared to name some one who can and will apply it properly. You will see that we cannot express an opinion as to the qualifications of any practitioner. Our advice must be to adopt the obvious and prudent course which can scarcely fail to have suggested itself—that is, to ask the physician who advised galvanism where to get it administered. If the treatment has not been advised by a competent medical man, it would be madness to resort to it. Irreparable mischief may be done by employing in an unsuitable case or at an inopportune moment so powerful an agent. Consult a trustworthy adviser, and be guided by what he says.

FRED T.—Jacques Etienne and Joseph Michael Montgolfier were two brothers, distinguished as the inventors of the balloon. They were the sons of a celebrated paper manufacturer at Annony, in the department of Ardeche, France, and early in life were engaged in that branch of industry. Both of them, however, conceived the idea of making a balloon, and Etienne, after a few successful experiments with one constructed by them, went to Paris. His discovery created a great sensation, and was immediately followed out by many scientific men of the day, but he was unable to obtain financial aid to further his experiments. This state of affairs discouraged him, and returning to his native place, he resumed the business of paper-making, continuing in it until his death in 1799. Joseph invented the hydraulic screw, the calorimeter (an instrument used to measure the heat given out by a body in cooling, which some authorities claim was the invention of Lavoisier and Laplace), and other scientific instruments. He died in Paris in 1810.

ROSES OF JUNE.

BY W. W. LOKO.

Roses, queen roses of radiant June,
Kissed by the gold of the sun,
Nestle your leaves 'gainst the cheek of my love,
My tender and beautiful one.

Roses, queen roses of radiant June,
Red as the wine of her mouth,
Tell the sweet story, that never grows old,
To my beautiful love of the South.

Roses, queen roses of radiant June,
Symbol of her in her purity sweet,
Crown her with all your sweetest perfume,
Make of her life Love's poem complete.

Our Villa.

BY M. E. F.

VILLA DE L'ORIENT, Avenue des Citronniers, Nice'—really, our address looks uncommonly well at the head of a letter," remarked Mrs. Brandon, contemplating, with her head on one side, the effect of the words she had just written.

"It really does," we agreed in chorus. We always agreed with Mrs. Brandon; it saved trouble.

We were three "lone-lorn" females—two spinsters and a widow—who had agreed to share a house—or, rather, part of a house, for we occupied but one story—at Nice for the winter.

First there was Mrs. Brandon—our chaperon, housekeeper, and directress in chief—tall, blonde, majestic, with a calm, suave manner, and a quietly distinct voice, which always made itself heard and obeyed; then came Miss Lucy Lester, a plump, good tempered little lady of a certain age, with a round, smiling face, kindly blue eyes, and not an angle about her, either moral or physical. Lastly there was the present writer, who modestly prefers to leave her portrait to the reader's imagination, trusting that he will paint it in the most attractive colors at his disposal.

The supplementary members of the party were Mrs. Brandon's daughter Georgie, an over-grown school-girl of thirteen; Georgie's inseparable companion "Chum," a small, sharp, and extremely impudent fox-terrier; and Josephine, our stout French bonne, who inhabited a microscopic kitchen, which her capacious person entirely filled.

In spite of its name there was nothing in the least Oriental about the appearance of "our villa." It was simply a good-sized, square, pink-and-white house, looking, Georgie said, as if it were built of nougat, with green balconies and shutters, and a semi-circular flight of steps to the front door. It stood in the midst of an extensive garden, planted with orange and lemon trees, and sheltered on one side by a rocky hill, which rose above it, sheer and straight, like a natural wall. At the end of the garden was a rustic bench, sheltered by a gnarled old olive-tree.

The house was furnished with remarkable taste. The house-agent, through whom we took our apartment, informed us that the landlord, M. de Valeyre—a gentleman of good birth, though not of large means, who was now on a shooting tour in Corsica—had spent many years of his life in the East, and our rooms contained not a few souvenirs of his travels in the shape of ornaments, rugs, and draperies, to say nothing of his own clever oil-sketches of Oriental life and scenery which adorned the walls.

The rooms, though decidedly small, were bright and airy, and the outlook on the garden, where the oranges were ripening under their glossy leaves, delightful. Altogether we felt we might congratulate ourselves on your good fortune.

"Yes," proceeded our "chief," glancing complacently around her—we were sitting in the dining-room after lunch on the third day of our arrival—"it is really a trouvaille. So charmingly situated, so well furnished, and so cheap! We might have looked all over Nice and found nothing to suit us so well."

"We might, indeed," assented Lucy Lester, who generally echoed the last speaker. "One could wish, perhaps, that the bedrooms were a little larger——"

"And that they did not open one out of the other like a nest of boxes, of which mine is the inside box," I ventured to add.

Mrs Brandon glanced at me austerely over her eyeglass.

"If we, whom you disturb by passing through our rooms, do not object to that, I think you need not," she observed reprovingly.

"But it seems you do object," I returned. "Every morning I am greeted with anathemas 'not loud, but deep,' half smothered under the bed-clothes."

"Why will you persist in getting up at such unearthly hours, waking people out of their beauty sleep?"

"I don't mind that," put in Georgie, who was teaching Chum to balance a pencil on his nose; "but I do wish the woman upstairs would not make such a noise at night; I can't go to sleep for her. The ceilings are so thin, one hears every sound."

"The woman upstairs?" her mother repeated. "What do you mean, child? There is no one in the house but ourselves. The upper stories and the ground floor are unlet."

"There is some one in the room above mine all the same," Georgie persisted. "She keeps me awake by walking about overhead, sometimes muttering and laughing to herself, and sometimes sobbing as if her heart would break. Last night I stood up on the bed and rapped the ceiling with my umbrella to silence her, but she kept on all the same. Chum heard her too—didn't you, sir?"

Chum, glad of any interruption to his lesson, barked an emphatic assent.

"Well, now, that is very strange," Miss Lester remarked, dropping her knitting. "I have fancied, myself, do you know, that I heard some one moving about overhead; not only at night, but in the daytime."

"Perhaps there is some servant or caretaker left in charge of the rooms," Mrs. Brandon said after a pause; "I will ask M. Gillet when next I see him."

We saw M. Gillet, the house-agent, the following day. He called, as he explained politely, to ask after the health of "these ladies," and to ascertain if we were satisfied with our "installation."

He was a round, fat, oily man of middle age, with a bland manner and a propitiatory smile.

"We are quite well and perfectly satisfied," Mrs. Brandon replied graciously, answering for us all, as usual. "But I thought you told us, M. Gillet, that the upstairs rooms were unoccupied?"

"So they are, madame. There is no one in the house but yourselves and your servant."

"Then who is it my daughter hears at night in the room above hers?" He raised his eyebrows, glancing inquiringly at Georgie.

"I hear a woman walking about and talking to herself," she explained. "I can't understand what she says; it is not French."

"Ah!" His face changed from smiling incredulity to startled gravity. He drew in his lips and looked perturbed.

"It must be Madame de Valeyre," he muttered; "it can be no one else. Just like her to turn up again in this mysterious fashion without a word of warning! Monsieur will be furious when he knows she is here, and I shall certainly think it my duty to inform him at once."

"Are you speaking of our landlord's wife?" I inquired. He assented.

"But why should he be pleased? Has she not a right to occupy her own house?"

"Well—no—that is just it. When they separated by mutual consent a year ago it was expressly stipulated, as a condition of his making her an allowance, that she should not return here, or in any way molest him. I had it from his own lips."

"Why did they separate?" Miss Lester inquired, curiously.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"'Incompatibility of temper' was the reason given, but, of course, there were others. The fact is, it was one of those madly romantic marriages which never do turn out well—except in novels. She was an Arab girl whom he picked up somewhere in Algeria, and insisted on marrying, to the scandal of his family and friends—that is her portrait," he added, nodding towards a picture on the wall; "painted by Monsieur himself, soon after his marriage."

We looked with interest at the canvas; a slight but clever oil-sketch of a young Arab girl, with an oval olive tinted face of striking beauty, and strange passionate dark eyes with a smouldering fire in their depths. Under it was written "Ayesha," and a date.

"Yes, she was handsome, then," he admitted, in answer to our comments, "but half a savage, and more than half a heathen, though supposed to have been converted. I heard that in the early days of their marriage she spent most of her time concocting charms and potions 'to keep her husband's love.' Apparently they were not the right sort," he added drily; "he soon wearied of her; then there were scenes, tears, upbraidings. Madame was jealous—(with cause, if report spoke truly); Monsieur had a temper—enfin, no one was surprised when, just a year ago, M. de Valeyre announced that they had separated by mutual consent, and that Madame had returned to her friend. Since then he has been traveling, and no doubt is much happier without her."

"While she, poor soul, is fretting her heart out," Mrs. Brandon put in; "though I have no doubt he was a brute to her."

The agent shrugged his shoulders with a deprecating smile.

"There were faults on both sides, Madame; but it was hardly possible for any man to live in peace with such a toquee as she is."

"Toquee?" Mrs. Brandon repeated; "Do you mean that she is mad? If so, it is certainly not pleasant to have her in the house."

"Mais non, Madame!" he protested; "she is not mad; only eccentric, capricious. Her returning in the mysterious way is a proof of it. Of course I have no right to interfere with her, but I shall certainly let M. de Valeyre know at once that she is here. You must not be subjected to this annoyance."

After a few more words he took his leave.

The days that followed were fully and pleasantly occupied in exploring Nice and its environs, which were new to all of us. We sunned ourselves on the Promenade des Anglais; drove on the Cornic Road; heard the band in the Jardin Public, and loitered among the tempting shops on the Place Massena; all in due course. The weather was glorious. Sunny days and moonlit nights succeeded each other in uninterrupted splendor, and made it difficult for us to believe that we were actually within a few weeks of Christmas.

The presence of the mysterious Madame de Valeyre in the house was no longer a matter of doubt. Not only had we all heard her restless footsteps overhead, and the unintelligible muttering which sounded so strangely uncanny, but more than once we had caught sight of her—a tall slender figure clad in a loose white wrapper—pacing to and fro in the shadowy garden alleys, or sitting on the bench under the gnarled old olive-tree. Once, at dusk, I met her on the stair-case sitting silently upstairs to her own lonely rooms, but she passed me quickly without returning my salutation, or even glancing at me.

"C'est drole!" Josephine often remarked; "to shut herself up like that, without even a servant. And how does she get her food? she never seems to go beyond the gates."

We agreed that it was "drole," but did not trouble ourselves greatly about the matter, having more interesting occupation for our thoughts.

One evening, in the third week of our tenancy, the others were gone to the theatre, and I, pleading a letter to write, had remained at home with no companion but "Chum," having given Josephine permission to go out.

Chum, by the way, was the only one of the party who did not appear to like his winter quarters. He had not been in his usual rude health and spirits since we came to the Villa, but seemed restless and depressed. Even now, as he lay curled up on my gown, he could not sleep quietly, but kept waking up with a start and a shiver, looking uneasily about him.

I sat in the dining-room, out of which the other rooms opened. To the right was the curtained doorway (doors there were none) of the salon—to the left, that which admitted to Mrs. Brandon's bedroom, leading out of which was Miss Lester's. The dressing-room of the latter had been converted into a bed-room for Georgie, and the last of the suite was my own chamber.

The evening was warm and very still. Glancing through the open window, which was shaded by a tall eucalyptus, I caught a glimpse of a sky full of stars, and over the tree-tops a line of tremulous silver showed where the sea lay sleeping.

As I lowered my head to my writing again, my eye was arrested by a slight movement of the portiere which screened the dressing-room doorway. I looked up quickly, but seeing nothing unusual, concluded I had been mistaken. I was writing busily again, when the dog stirred uneasily, growled, then suddenly sprang to his feet, gazing, with dilated eyes and ears erect, towards the door. As I involuntarily looked again in the same direction, I was startled to see a hand, the long slender hand of a woman, put forth from within to draw the curtain back. For a moment it remained motionless, grasping the portiere, and I had time to note every detail of its form and color; the fine but dusky skin, the delicate taper fingers, on one of which gleamed a quaint snake-shaped gold ring. Then the curtain was abruptly withdrawn, and a figure appeared in the opening; a tall, slender woman, enveloped in a loose wrapper of some gauzy Algerian stuff.

It was Madame de Valeyre. I had never had a full view of her face before, but I recognized her at once as the original of the portrait: thinner, older, with a wild and troubled look in her lovely dark eyes, but the same.

Too startled to speak, I stared at her, and she looked back as silently and as fixedly at me. Then, before I could rise or address her, my strange visitor crossed the room with a calm and leisurely step, and passed through the opposite doorway.

Recovering from my surprise, I caught up the lamp and followed her. She had already traversed Mrs. Brandon's bedrooms, and was passing into the one beyond.

"Pardon, Madame——" I called after her; but she neither paused nor turned till she reached the threshold of my own room, the inner one of the suite.

Drawing back the portiere with one hand, she looked at me over her shoulder—a look that thrilled me, so earnest it was, so imperious, so fraught with meaning to which I had not the clue—but uttered not a word. Then she passed in, and the heavy curtain dropped behind her.

In a second's space I had followed her into the room.

To my utter astonishment she was not there. I looked round blankly, raising the lamp above my head. There was no other door but that by which she had entered; no closet, no cupboard, no recess in which she could be concealed. And yet she was gone, vanished, it seemed, into thin air. For a moment I stood, looking about me in utter bewilderment; then a sort of panic seized me—an irrational fear of I know not what or whom.

I hurried back through the empty and silent rooms, not daring to cast a glance behind me; and feeling a sudden distaste for the dining-room, took refuge in the tiny kitchen, where I sat with Chum on my lap, starting nervously at every sound, till the others returned.

I had decided to say nothing of what had occurred to Miss Lester or Georgie, it should alarm them, but Mrs. Brandon I must tell, for the relief of my own mind, though I hardly expected she would believe my story. In fact it seemed, even to myself, so incredible that I could well excuse her scepticism.

It was as I anticipated. She heard me out with a look of mingled astonishment and incredulity.

"My dear Edith," she said when I had finished; "excuse me, but are you quite sure you did not fall asleep and dream all this?"

"I am quite sure that I was as wide awake then as I am now."

"But it is so utterly unaccountable," she objected; "not only her disappearance, but her appearance. How did she get into the drawing room in the first instance? She was not there when we went out I am certain, and she could not have entered it afterwards without your seeing her. Why did you not ask her what she wanted—what she meant by it?"

"I was too startled at first, and when I recovered myself she had vanished."

"Well, I hope I shall encounter her myself," Mrs. Brandon remarked resolutely; "she'll not 'vanish' again till she has explained the matter, I promise you. We can't have her prowling about our rooms like a Banshee."

But the days passed on, and we caught no further glimpse of Madame de Valeyre.

* * * * * *

It was the last day of the old year—a day so brilliant, so warm, serene, and sunny, that it would not have disgraced an English mid-summer. Long after Georgie had retired for the night, we three elders sat round the handful of wood fire which we kept in more for the sake of cheerfulness than warmth, talking of old times, old friends and old scenes, in that retrospective mood which falls on most of us at such seasons.

"I wonder if that poor woman upstairs will have any one to wish her 'Bonne Annee' to-morrow?" Miss Lester remarked during a pause in the conversation. "Fancy how triste to be spending New Year's Eve alone! I thought I heard her crying just now."

We listened, and sure enough a sound of suppressed sobbing, inexpressibly sad and forlorn, reached us from the room above.

"Poor soul!" Mrs. Brandon exclaimed

compassionately. "I feel strongly inclined to go upstairs and see if there is anything I can do to help or comfort her, but there is no knowing how she might take it. She is evidently more than a little toquee, as M. Gillet told us. If that husband of hers——"

She left the sentence unfinished, and we all started as a sound of wheels reached us, coming rapidly up the garden drive, and stopping at the door. The next moment there was a loud peal at the bell.

"Who can it be at this hour? It is past eleven o'clock!" I exclaimed.

"Perhaps it is Monsieur de Valeyre," Lucy Lester suggested suddenly. I rose, and, cautiously opening the window, glanced down into the garden. The moonlight showed me a tall man's figure just alighting from a fiacre, the driver of which was handing down a gun-case and a portmanteau.

"It is our landlord, sure enough," I said, closing the window. "Monsieur Gillet's information has brought him alone, home, I suppose. I hope there will be no 'scene' upstairs."

"Dear me, I hope not!" Lucy echoed; though the anticipated excitement seemed not altogether unpleasing to her.

"He is evidently not remarkable for patience," was Mrs. Brandon's comment, as another still louder peal rang though the house. "If Madame does not choose to admit him one of us must go down. Josephine is in bed long ago."

I volunteered for the task, and, Lucy offering to accompany me, we descended, noisily escorted by Chum.

The fiacre was driving away as we opened the door, and the visitor stood on the step, looking out at the moonlit garden.

He turned, and, expecting no doubt to see a servant, was beginning an impatient exclamation at the delay, but checked himself on perceiving us.

"A hundred pardons, Mesdames, for disturbing you at this untimely hour," he said, raising his hat; "but I have only just arrived from Corsica. I am Monsieur de Valeyre," he added.

I bowed, and drew back to admit him, trying in vain to silence Chum, whose bark was now exchanged for a low, angry growl.

The visitor was a tall, well-built, bronze-complexioned man of six or seven and thirty, with a face which would have been strikingly handsome but for its worn and haggard look, and something repellent in the expression of the bold dark eyes.

"Your dog objects to strangers, apparently," he said, with a glance of no great favor at the terrier, who responded with a snarl which showed all his little sharp white teeth.

"He is a capital watch-dog," I said, apologetically; "he would soon let us know if there were thieves in the house."

"Ah, that reminds me——" He turned as he spoke, to put up the door-chain. "I hear from Gillet, my agent, that you were alarmed on your arrival by strange noises in the upper room. Do they still continue?"

"We were not alarmed exactly, but they puzzled us till we knew that Madame de Valeyre had returned."

He let fall the door-chain and turned to look at me.

"Madame de Valeyre?" he repeated.

"Yes, did not M. Gillet tell you, Monsieur, that she was here?"

"He told me you had said so, but I could not believe it; I cannot believe it now. She—my wife—is with her family at Algiers, and it is not likely she would have returned without letting me know."

"She is in the house at this moment," I said, quietly; "she has been here for the last month. We have not only heard but seen her repeatedly—have we not?" I added, turning to my companion, who echoed, "Repeatedly!"

He looked from one to the other of us with a frown, but said nothing; and, having secured the fastening of the door, took up his portmanteau and followed us upstairs.

"May I ask you to lend me your light for a moment?" he said, when we reached the landing; "I will return it presently."

Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before he descended. We heard him going from room to room, opening and shutting doors and windows, but no sound of voices reached us.

At last he reappeared at the open door of our sitting-room, candle in hand. Mrs. Brandon herself went forward to take it from him, looking at him scrutinizingly as she did so.

"Many thanks, Madame," he said, relinquishing it to her with a bow. Then, turning to me, he added, coldly: "You were mistaken in supposing that my wife had returned. There is no living creature in the rooms upstairs, nor have they been entered since I left them."

"But we have seen her——" I began.

"Whoever you may have seen, it was certainly not my wife," was his reply.

Before I could speak again, he added:

"I have the honor to wish you good-evening, Mesdames," and, with a comprehensive bow which included us all, he left the room.

We looked at each other bewilderedly. What did it mean? What had become of the woman?

"She must have heard his voice, and hidden herself somewhere, in fear of him," Miss Lester suggested.

"Depend upon it, she has reason to fear him," Mrs. Brandon remarked. "He looks like a man who would use his power mercilessly. It is dreadful to think of that poor half-demented creature being left unprotected to his anger, perhaps violence."

Lucy Lester drew her shawl closer round her with a shiver.

"I feel as if something terrible was going to happen," she said nervously.

The same uneasy presentiment weighed on my own mind, together with some other shadowy fear which I could not have put into words.

Feeling too anxious and excited to go to bed, we gathered round the fire again, talking in whispers, and listening apprehensively to every sound from above. For a time we heard M. de Valeyre moving about; then there was silence, only interrupted when the time-piece, chiming midnight, reminded us to wish each other a Happy New Year.

After that I must have fallen into a doze, from which I was roused by a touch on my arm.

"Edith," Mrs. Brandon whispered, "do you hear?"

I started and sat upright, looking about me in the confusion of a sudden awakening. "What is it?" I asked.

Keeping her hand on my arm, she pointed upwards. The light restless footsteps we had grown to know so well, were once more pacing to and fro overhead, and we heard the low intermittent murmur of a woman's voice. Suddenly it was interrupted by a cry—a man's hoarse cry of mortal anguish or terror, such as I trust I may never hear again.

Mingling with the cry, came a peal of eldritch laughter, then the sound of a struggle, a heavy fall which shook the house.

"Come, or there will be murder done," Mrs. Brandon exclaimed, and she hurried from the room and upstairs, followed by Miss Lester and myself.

We found the outer door of M. de Valeyre's apartments closed, but not locked, and passing through the ante-chamber, entered the first room of the suite. A lamp on the chimney-piece showed it was in strange disorder, the furniture displaced, the carpet upturned, the cloth half-dragged from the table.

Its only present occupant was the master of the house, who crouched against the wall at the further end, in an attitude of abject terror.

Never while I live shall I forget the face he turned towards us when we entered. With strained dilated eyes, and parted lips, it looked like an image of incarnate Fear. I stopped short over the threshold, feeling a shrinking reluctance to enter, but Mrs. Brandon without hesitation advanced to his side.

"What is the matter? what has happened?" she asked.

He looked at her vaguely, but seemed incapable of uttering a word, and put his hand to his throat as if suffocating. There was a carafe of brandy on the table. She filled a liquer glass and held it to his lips. Presently he drew a deep sobbing breath, and half raised himself, glancing round the room with a haggard look of dread.

"Is she—gone?" he asked hoarsely.

"There is no one here but ourselves," Mrs. Brandon replied. "You——" She broke off, recoiling from him with a stifled cry.

He had started convulsively, and was gazing with a look of speechless terror at some object on the opposite side of the room. Involuntarily we followed the direction of his eyes, but to us nothing was visible.

"There she is—look!" he gasped. "My wife—dead, yet living. Keep her from me—keep her hands from my throat! Ayesha—mercy—pardon! Oh, Heaven."

He crouched against the wall again, putting out both hands to repel some invisible assailant; struggling desperately as if with an actual bodily antagonist and apparently using all his strength to keep the murderous fingers from his throat.

Mrs. Brandon had fled from him in a panic, and we all three stood on the threshold, watching with horror-struck eyes that ghastly struggle. It did not last long.

With a dreadful choking cry he dropped his arms; his whole figure collapsed and fell in a heap, face downwards, on the floor.

Strangely enough my fear had now utterly passed away. While the others hesitated I approached him and lifted his head, and turned his face to the light. After one glance I laid it down again with a shudder. "Has he fainted again?" they asked me. "He is dead," I answered, as I rose.

Yes, he was dead; but how had he died? What was the meaning of those livid finger-marks, which, for a moment, I had seen plainly printed on his throat? That is a mystery which has never been solved.

* * * * * *

The sudden death of the master of the Villa de l'Orient caused a sensation in Nice, where he was well known, and it was intensified by a rumor that Madame de Valeyre had mysteriously disappeared. There was no trace of her recent presence in the house, and it was ascertained that her relatives in Algeria had had no news of her for more than a year. Some other facts came to light which threw a sinister suspicion on the dead man. Search was made in the garden and grounds, and finally her body was discovered buried under the old olive-tree. An Algerian scarf, tightly knotted round her throat, showed what had been the manner of her death.

It need hardly be said that we took flight as soon as possible from the ill-omened house, which was shortly afterwards demolished by order of the Valeyre family, so that not a vestige now remains of what we once called "our villa."

A Hard Alternative.

BY F. Y. L.

REALLY, Fan, I've no patience with Charlie!" exclaimed Connie Mecham, dashing into the room where her sister was "sketching from Nature" in the fashionable young lady's true style.

"Charlie! What, is he here?"

"Certainly he is. You might have heard him; at least, his laugh. Here, he is ordered home by papa, who has found out by chance he has been foolish enough to engage himself to some intriguing governess. Papa, also threatens him with disinheritance if he persists in his folly, and, instead of arriving wretched and downcast, he is as bright and gay as ever. When I said:

"'I'm glad, Charlie, dear, you can bear it so well. Papa is, really, very angry. Such a marriage for you would not do at all.'

"He burst into one of his old laughs, and asked where was dad? Then, as Miss Duncan, Linda's governess, passed through the hall, asked, in a whisper, 'Who was that confoundedly pretty friend of ours?' demanding an introduction.

"'Friend?' I rejoined. 'She is Linda's governess,' whereupon he made the profoundest of bows to her, informing me, in mezzo voce, that he wished he were Linda."

"If a pretty face, for, after a fashion, Miss Duncan, I suppose, would be thought pretty by some," remarked Fan, condescendingly, "can so attract him, his love of the other cannot be very deep. I always thought Charlie a bit of a butterfly. Where is he now?"

"In the study, with papa."

A great blow had fallen upon the house of Mecham, retired drysalter, residing at Norwood. Charlie, his son and heir, upon whose handsome person and bright geniality of manner he had counted to make a marriage which should bring distinction on his family, had fallen in love and engaged himself to the penniless orphan of a captain Seaford, who had to eke out her means of living by the drudgery of teaching.

A letter in a wrong envelope had revealed the horrible truth. At the moment Charlie was in South Africa, enjoying himself, whence he had been speedily recalled by his indignant parent.

As soon as he was able, he had replied to the summons in person, and now, certainly not with the air of a culprit, entered the library where the drysalter, a somewhat pompous individual, painfully conscious of his wealth and self-importance, sat.

"Oh, Charles, you have come! You are here!" he ejaculated, leaning back in his chair, and making no other greeting.

"Yes, dad, apparently I am here, and not sorry to see home again," replied Charlie, on the hearthrug. "It was confoundedly hot in Africa, quite frizzling."

"And pray, sir," taking no heed of the remark, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Well, if I said what I think, dad, it might be taken, by my enemies, for conceit."

"I shall be obliged, Mr. Charles Mecham, by your being serious. I do not fancy you'll find this any joking matter."

"Look here, dad, of course I know what you mean. I will be serious. You are angry because I loved Laura Seaford. Now, you always impressed upon me that I should marry a lady."

"A lady?" broke in the ex-drysalter, with scornful wrath. "A penniless governess."

"No less a lady, dad. Do you mean to say that charming girl I saw in the hall just now doesn't look as much the lady as Fan and Connie? Is she not their superior in education, else she could not hold her position? To this, Laura adds birth."

"Birth, sir! What's birth if it hasn't money, position? If it hasn't either, it's worth nothing, sir, nothing! This is the age of gold, sir, gold."

"By Jove, dad, I don't think you're far wrong."

"Thank you for your approval. I know I'm not! So, sir, as my heir, you must wed position, sir, as well as birth. This mad engagement must be broken; sir, do you understand?—broken, or by Heaven I make a new will and cut you off with a shilling!"

Charlie, pulling his moustache, gazed reflectively upon the carpet. While watching, Mr. Mecham threw in a last remark.

"Miss Duncan, I admit, does look a lady, and she proves herself one by knowing her place. She had only eyes and thoughts for her duties. She, sir, is one in a thousand."

"I'm glad to hear it, dad."

"I am waiting for your answer, sir. Do you give up the girl, or do you marry her and be turned from these doors for ever?"

"Well, dad, that requires a considerable amount of consideration. Supposing you reflect, and I will reflect. I could never love anyone but Laura. Still, give me a little time."

"Which, sir, I expect you will spend with this person at West Kensington, who'll make you obstinate in your folly."

"On the contrary, I'll not go near West Kensington until I decide. Should I have to, on any serious emergency, I will inform you."

Mr. Mecham reflected. He owned to himself that Charlie was behaving better than he had expected. It would be bad policy to pull the rein any harder at present, therefore he agreed, on condition Charlie remained at Norwood. After which, he accepted the hand his son extended, and felt the game was almost won, as they parted.

Certainly, for a man desperately in love, and engaged, Charles Mecham's conduct was peculiar. He, evidently, was perfectly content with his quarters, was as cheerful as usual, ready for any amusement, and decidedly bent on a flirtation with Miss Duncan. Linda, the youngest daughter, and spoiled pet, was daring enough one day to ask him if she were prettier than Miss Seaford? To which he replied:

"Beauty is all a matter of style and opinion. Miss Duncan, for her style, is charming."

Of his engagement, not a word was said by anyone else. Mr. Mecham, at times, felt anxious to know his son's mind, as day slipped after day, but decided it was best not to hasten matters. If he delayed long enough the young lady herself might take umbrage and break the engagement.

"Papa," said Fan Mecham, one morning, coming into her father's room, "I have an idea."

"My love, you frequently have," was the response, "and they are generally good. To whom does this one refer?"

"Charlie, of course, papa. Of course he is rather smitten with Miss Duncan. He really tries desperately to flirt with her. He always was a butterfly, you know."

"Granted. Yet I fail to see your idea, at present."

"Why, let us foster the flirtation, papa. It may lure him from the other—the dangerous one."

"But, my dear Fan, may not that create another dangerous one?"

"There's no fear of that, papa, for—mind it's a secret: you must not betray the confidence Miss Duncan has a sweetheart al-

ready, and hopes one day to marry him, when he can make a home for her. That's the reason she avoids Charlie."

"If she avoids him how can he flirt?"

"Oh, if we girls put our heads together," laughed Fan, "we will give him opportunities. We can make him think she cares for him, and—and all that. What does it matter as long as we can rescue him from that designing Laura Seaford?"

"Quite right, my darling, quite right; I leave it all in your hands. And now, I've a bit of news for you. Who do you think I've just had a letter from?"

"I couldn't possibly guess, papa."

"No, I didn't know you could. Well, from your mother's second cousin, General Cambomere."

"No, papa?"

"Yes. He is coming to England, and asks if we could take him in for a day or two. He calls himself a lonely old man, without direct kith or kin."

Fan's eyes glistened. Generals and Colonels were not at all rare in Norwood or the neighborhood, but they were in the Mechams' circle. And to have a real live one—a connection—under their own roof; it was good news indeed.

"Isn't the General rich, papa?"

"Exceedingly. That's where it is. If he have neither kith nor kin, perhaps he might take a fancy to Charles, or to one of you girls, and leave you something handsome. I am going to answer the letter now, and we must all do our best to make him comfortable when he is here."

Fan skipped away with her news, and before many hours the "General" was dragged into the family conversation as much as Charles the First's head was in Mr. Dick's.

Fan and Connie's hands were pretty full now of business. Now draperies and other matters were required for the best bedroom, during the arranging of which the young governess was freed a great deal from the species of espionage to which she had been subjected, when it must be confessed that, notwithstanding the sweetheart, whose existence Fan had discovered, she relented somewhat in her austerity towards Charlie, who, thus encouraged, grew almost amorous in his behavior.

"Oh, Con, such fun!" exclaimed Linda, a kind of enfant terrible, one afternoon to her sister, just returned from visiting. "Charlie kissed—well—nearly kissed Miss Duncan. He must be in love with her!"

"Gracious, Lin. What do you mean?"

"Well, after you and Fan had gone out, I went into the garden, making up a game for myself with the croquet balls. I soon got tired; the place was so awfully quiet. I fancied Charlie was somewhere in the grounds, so went to find him. Well, I hadn't gone far, when, through some bushes, I saw Miss Duncan at work, in the arbor, with Charlie standing by saying nice things."

"You heard; Lin?"

"No. I was too far away. But I'm sure he was from the movement of his lips, and his expression; so I crept nearer and nearer, quietly, to see if I wasn't right."

"And you were?"

"I'm going to tell you. Just as I got near enough to hear, Charlie put his arm round Miss Duncan and tried to kiss her."

"Tried?"

"Yes, for she sprang up, pushing him back and getting away from him, her face quite red and angry. Then I heard her say:

"'For shame, Mr. Charles. If you will not cease this persecution I will speak to Mr. Mecham, and ask him to protect me.'

"'I beg you pardon, humbly,' said Charlie. 'But how can a fellow help loving——'

"'Loving?' she interrupted, scornfully. "Are you not in love with Miss Laura Seaford?'

"'I know I'm desperately in love with you,' rejoined Charlie. 'Who could help it?'"

Connie burst into uncontrollable laughter, saying:

"Fan was right; he is a butterfly. What more, Lin?"

"Nothing; only, do you know, Connie, I fancy Miss Duncan wouldn't have minded the kiss, but I think she caught sight of me among the bushes."

"Nonsense, Lin. Don't tell anyone else until we can speak to Fan."

Just then the dining-room door opened, and Mr. Mecham came out.

"Oh, I heard you talking," he said. "I thought it was Fan. Go and tell her I've a telegram from the General; he'll be here this evening. See that dinner is postponed an hour."

The intelligence put to flight for the moment all thought of other matters:

"If he had but named the train he intends to come by, I would have sent the carriage," remarked Mr. Mecham.

"Being a soldier, who has seen much active service," said Charlie, "he'll not mind a station fly."

Exactly. A station fly brought the great man. Mr. Mecham hastened into the hall to receive him, where he halted a moment, just a bit surprised, as there entered a short, wiry, withered little gentleman, quick of step, and of military bearing.

"How do you do, my friend?" he said, shaking his host's hand. "Very kind of you to receive me like this—very."

"We are, I am sure, delighted. This way, General. My son's General. My daughter—who will do their best, be sure, to make your stay agreeable."

"Thanks; the presence of these young ladies alone will do that," replied the old General, gallantly. "Your son? A fine young fellow. Ah, me! I gave mine to my country, and he died for her. As I told you, I am a solitary old man. I have a purpose in coming to England; but I believe you said your dinner hour was eight. I'll tell you it afterwards."

The dinner, which was quite recherche, passed off admirably. The General did his best to be agreeable, and succeeded. He seemed most attracted by Charlie, who, frank and well informed, treated him as he would any guest at his father's table. Also, he may have recalled to him that fair young son, who was found dead on a distant battle-field, with his stiffened fingers grasping still his country's colors.

When in the drawing-room, taking coffee, the General said:

"I promised to inform you the cause which has brought me to England. Perhaps you may assist me in my search. It is this. As you are aware, I was in India on active service during the Indian mutiny; I was married; my boy was a baby. The fight was upon us before I could send my wife and child away. I need not recount the fearful massacres, the vile treachery of the natives, but the noble fidelity of some. Suffice that my wife and child were in fearful danger; the bungalow was attacked by a horde of demons: what the result might have been I shudder to think of still, but for a young lieutenant, who with only a handful of men, dashed in among them, and at the risk of his life, carried off my wife and child to safety. In after years I lost sight of him, but, by the strangest chance, only a month ago I heard he had died, leaving an orphan girl in London, in such straitened circumstances that she has to work for a living. Well, I have come to find her—I have come to place her in affluence—to possibly adopt her. Her father's name was Captain Seaford."

"Captain what, General?" exclaimed Mr. Mecham, while Charlie, flushing to the hair, said:

"I will help you; I can help you, I think, General. Wait."

Quickly he left the room, returning with the young governess.

"General," he said, leading her forward, "this is Captain Seaford's daughter—and my wife."

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Mecham, "Miss Duncan——"

"That, dad, is but an alias. When Laura learned how angry my love had made you, she entered into the little plot of coming here incognito, hopeful of winning your affection. If she has not yet succeeded, at least forgive her, and both of us will live in hope that in time you will do so."

"So, Mecham, you were averse to your son wedding Captain Seaford's penniless daughter," smiled the general, taking Laura's hand and putting it on his arm. "Well, really I trust, however, you will not refuse as a daughter-in-law—my heiress!"

MANNERISMS OF ACTORS.

It is singular how many people, when they strut the stage, display a marked mannerism—a mannerism which, in some cases, is absent when they are not on view to the public. Turning the face full to the audience, as both Foote and Farren did, and talking at, instead of to, fellow actors in a scene, is doubtless a stage trick, and a very contemptible one too. So was Richard Yates' way of recovering from a failure of memory. In order to give himself time to recall his part he would ejaculate, "Hark ye, hark ye."

The habit of Madam Pisaroni, the greatest prima donna of her day, must be placed in the same category. She had a trick of keeping her hands in motion before her face, and her motives for doing so were curious. The gifted vocalist was downright ugly, and she knew it. When an impresario wished to make an engagement with her, she first sent him a miniature of herself, painted with cruel fidelity. If that did not frighten him she would agree to appear, and when she did sing she tried to make the audience listen to her rather than watch her, in order that her disagreeable face might not spoil the effect of her marvellous voice.

But it is very different with other mannerisms, which are often unconscious, and sometimes, even when known, cannot be avoided. King could not help repeating in a low voice anything addressed to him by another actor. His lips were always employed, as are those of some old ladies when they read the newspapers. In the same way, Bensley turned his eyes while speaking. Mrs. Abington perpetually seemed to stick a pin at the side of her waist, and Henderson, when addressing an actor, backed away from him, with the palms of his hands turned outwards. The effect in all three cases must have been very odd.

Gait and bearing are weak points with many actors. Macready's walk was rolling, Suett, the comedian, moved "like a camel-leopard," as one of his friends said, and the motion of Dignum, the vocalist, was compared to "that of an empty butt, set upon one end in a hurry, which, ere it settles to a standstill, makes many strange, unwieldy motions, and when it rests has nothing to boast of but its void rotundity." As in the past, so in the present. The most distinguished of living actors has a walk of which his enemies are never tired of making game, and a popular ex-member of the Carl Rosa Company used by his movements to cause infinite amusement among the "gods." On the concert platform this gentleman bears himself like a man—on the operatic stage he is like an animated lamp-post.

This, however, is touching on the forbidden, or, at any rate, what should be such; for dealing with mannerisms of the living is apt to cause pain. Mrs. Bancroft tells us that she was distressed in her early days because a dramatic critic remarked that she always used her right arm with a jerk, as if it hung on hinges, and quite ignored the possession of a left arm. She tried, but failed, to break herself of the habit. "One day I took a four-wheeled cab, and just as the man was about to shut the door, in desperation I put my right arm in the way, and so injured it that I was obliged to carry it in a sling for some days; but I cured myself of my bad habit, for the left arm was brought into practice, and by the time the injured limb was well the ugly, jerky eccentricity was a thing of the past."

An heroic remedy surely. Death, however, has resulted from the ridiculing of an actor's mannerisms. Delane, a player of much merit, had two stage peculiarities which Garrick "took off," and thus made him ridiculous. The sensitive man then took to drinking and really broke his heart.

THEY RUN LIKE CLOCKWORK.—Railway stations in Germany present a very imposing appearance; they are fine buildings, even in small places.

The method of starting trains, which run like clockwork, is unique. The agent is a dignified and solemn-looking official, attired in elaborate uniform, literally gilt-edged, and he acts as master of ceremonies on the occasion.

When the train arrives he is standing bolt upright in an almost military position, and as though he is on dress parade. One minute before the train starts he reaches up and taps a gong three times.

Then a strange scene takes place, and it would seem that he had pressed a button, for at the last tap the conductor, who has been at the rear car, comes galloping along the entire length of the platform, shouting in German the name of every station the train will stop at.

When the engine is reached he wheels about, and on his return quickly closes and locks the car doors, darts back to the van to his perch on the rear car, whistles thrice on a tin or metal whistle, which is instantly repeated by the brakeman at the front end, and the train starts.

When two people get mad at each other, each begins to think of how much he has done for the other.

$100 Reward $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The system of nomenclature in the United States Navy is very simple. The great battle-ships are named after States, and the first-class cruisers after large cities. The latter are represented by the Philadelphia, the Chicago, the Newark, the Atlanta, the Baltimore and the San Francisco. The gunboats are christened after smaller towns, where celebrated battles have been fought. The Bennington and the Concord are instances of this class of vessels.

Attention is called to the fact that apples stored in cellars or elsewhere are invariably covered with mold or mildew—often invisible, but just as real. This mold consists mostly of microscopic plants, including numerous species of fungi, all of which are more or less poisonous. Physicians say they have traced cases of diphtheria in children to the use of moldy apples. Mothers are in the habit of giving little children apples to play with, and the babies try to eat them. In such cases the mold should be carefully removed from the apples.

There was never a more perfect exemplification of the saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country" than the way in which the Spaniards regard the achievement of Columbus in discovering America. At the port of Palos, from which Columbus sailed, a sailor was asked if he did not regard Columbus as a bold navigator and a daring adventurer. He replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "No, for if you drop a chip into the water at this very point it will float to Cuba. The currents are such that it cannot go anywhere else."

The Kansas City Star gives the following graphic description of the way the Meyer family, living near Mayview, were distributed by the recent cyclone: "Meyer was thrown 30 feet north of the house; his wife about the same distance northeast; the son, August, 50 feet southeast; a 2-year-old boy was found 50 feet southeast, walking around in an open space, apparently not inconvenienced and free from fright. The oldest daughter was missing, and was found 150 yards away to the east, where she had been carried by the storm. All except the little boy received injuries, but none seriously."

The only high school in Iceland is at Reykjavik, and it has been in operation for over a year. The principal subjects taught are Icelandic in its grammar and literature, Danish, English, Sloyd, wood carving, arithmetic, and singing, to which from two to eight hours a week are devoted, but the foremost place in the educational system is given to tailoring, by which the hours from ten to two are occupied during four days in the week. This is because there are no tailors in Iceland, and the women must make the men's clothes as well as their own. Cooking is also practically taught.

The juge de paix at Beaurogard, near Paris, placed a certain villa residence under sequestration. After the usual formalities had been gone through, the seals were affixed everywhere and the crowd dispersed. Presently a piteous mewing was heard inside the house. The large white cat had been "sequestered" along with the goods, and could not be let out without infringing the law. The juge de paix was sent for, but he declared he could do nothing, and as a last resort they telegraphed to the President of the Tribunal in Paris, who granted permission to remove the seals for the space of one minute. The release of the cat cost, in fees, the sum of 200 francs, which was raised by a collection among the neighbors.

The brunette type is becoming more numerous in England and on the Continent generally. Mr. Gladstone, who observes most things, said some years ago that light-haired people were far less numerous than in his youth. This statement was borne out by the results of the statistical inquiry undertaken by Dr. Beddoe, who examined seven hundred and twenty-six women, and found that three hundred and sixty-nine were brunettes, and three hundred and fifty-seven blondes. Carrying this inquiry a step farther, Dr. Beddoe learned that 78·5 per cent. of the brunettes had husbands, while only 68 per cent. of the blondes were married. From this it appears that in England a brunette has ten chances of being wedded to the nine chances of the blonde; and Dr. Beddoe went on to argue that "the English are becoming darker because the men persist in selecting the dark haired women as wives." The same thing is happening in Germany, in France, in Switzerland, and elsewhere on the Continent.

Our Young Folks.

PIGEONS OR PEAS?

BY ELLIS WALTON.

ALL day Fritz had been watching the pigeons. There they sat: one, two, three, four, five. Five pigeons in a row on the roof, with their little bright eyes shining.

Once upon a time Fritz loved the pigeons. Now he could not bear them; and this was the reason.

Fritz had a garden of his own—a very nice little garden, with pink daisies, and mignonette, and one beautiful rose tree. But this did not satisfy him. What he wanted more than anything else was to have a big row of sweet-peas, like those under mother's window. They did smell so sweet, and all their different colors were so pretty.

He asked mother for some seeds, and planted them very carefully. It took him a long time to do, poking holes with his small fat fingers—one hole for each pea. Then he covered them up, and pressed the earth down very tightly. But nurse told him that the peas would never grow if he squeezed them down like that; so Fritz dug them all up again and began afresh. This time nurse helped him, and at last they were nicely planted.

Then Fritz sat down with a sigh of relief, and looked at his garden; for he was rather tired, being only a little boy of six. At present there was not much to see, only a piece of smooth brown earth; by-and-by there would be little green shoots, then a beautiful bunch of sweet-smelling peas for mother.

Next morning he visited them again, but someone had been there before him. A few marks of tiny claws scratching betrayed the visitors. The pigeons had been there and eaten up every pea.

"They're nasty horrid things!" sobbed Fritz, in his first outburst of grief. "I saw them yesterday: they watched me the whole time. They did it on purpose."

Mother was very sorry for her little boy's disappointment. She gave him some more seeds, and said she would not mind one bit waiting a little longer for her bunch of flowers.

"It's no use putting them in when the pigeons are looking," said Fritz to himself, as he trotted down the path squeezing up the seeds in his hot little hands.

He was a thoughtful little boy, and quite old enough to understand that it would be no use doing the same as he had done yesterday. His mind was very busy thinking.

How could he hide the peas from the pigeons? If he pressed them down a long way into the ground perhaps the pigeons would not be able to find them; but then nurse said they would not grow if they were put down so far.

He must plant them when the pigeons were not looking.

Very cautiously Fritz looked round. Up on the roof, in a row, sat the five pigeons.

Why did they stay there?

"Shoo! shoo!" cried Fritz; but they did not move, and he could not reach them. Perhaps they knew this, for there they sat with a provoking "don't care" look on their faces.

At least, that is what Fritz thought.

"I should like to whip you!" he said, shaking his small fist at them.

Still the pigeons did not care, or stir a single feather. They could see all over the garden from their lofty position. It was useless trying to hide from them.

Fritz sat down to think.

He wondered if the pigeons ever went to sleep in the middle of the day. He had to lie down for an hour before luncheon: perhaps they had a little nap too. They had been up so early that they must be getting sleepy. But no! a hasty glance showed them remarkably wide awake, watching him with their bright beady eyes, in which there was not a shadow of sleepiness.

Fritz determined to wait. He played about until it was time to go in, while nurse sat working. When he woke from his midday sleep there were just five minutes before the luncheon bell rang. Mother gave him leave to go out, and he scampered down the path and round the corner of the shrubbery. Here he came to a sudden pause.

Three pigeons were walking up and down the path! It was really too bad. They were waiting for him: he could do nothing but go quietly back to the house.

During luncheon time he was so silent that mother thought her little boy must be ill; but he was only thinking.

The pigeons were so much on his mind that he felt quite tired in the evening, and ready for bed. He fell asleep almost directly his head touched the pillow.

Two hours later Fritz woke again. The nursery was very quiet, not a sound in the next room. Nurse had gone down to supper.

A sudden thought struck him. He got up, and going to the window, drew aside the curtain. Yes, it was nearly quite dark: surely the pigeons must be in bed. Now was his only chance of planting the peas.

Fritz looked round the room. His clothes lay neatly folded on a chair, but he could not stop to put them on, for it would take too long; and, besides, he had no experience of dressing himself alone—there were so many horrid tapes and buttons to be fastened.

He peeped into the other room. On the table, by the side of a work-basket, lay his great-coat—nurse had just sewn a button on it.

It only took Fritz two minutes to struggle into it, though the sleeves were rather tiresome; another minute to thrust his bare toes into the red slippers by his bed, take the packet of seeds, and he was ready.

Mother, sitting by the drawing-room window, was all unconscious of the strange little figure making its way down the front staircase and out of the garden door, standing wide open to cool the house.

Fritz was so intent on escaping from the pigeons that he never stopped to think he might be doing wrong. He had come this way to avoid passing through the back door, near which the pigeons lived. Even the darkness did not frighten him, so intent was he on his work.

Down the path he tip-toed, afraid lest the watchful birds might hear his slightest footfall and be awakened.

Once he looked down at his slippered feet, and thought it so fortunate he had not put on his walking-boots—the last new ones were very nice, but they did make a noise.

At last the garden was reached, and Fritz began. Very slowly the peas were put in, for the coat was very uncomfortable, and flapped about in a most unusual manner: perhaps this was not to be wondered at, as only two buttons were done up.

Fritz was just putting in the last pea when there came a step on the gravel, and mother's voice suddenly exclaimed—

"Why, Fritz, my darling little boy! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, hush, hush!" he cried in a whisper, looking fearfully round, "the pigeons will hear!"

Perhaps mother understood it all at once, in the wonderful way mothers have of knowing things; anyhow, she did not ask any questions, but picking up Fritz in her arms, carried him straight to the drawing-room.

Father looked so surprised when she came in, carrying the funny little figure in the huddled-up coat, blinking its eyes like a baby owl at the sudden brightness.

He took Fritz on his knee, and helped mother rub his legs, which were quite cold—for even on a warm summer night little boys want more clothes for out-of-door wear than a night shirt and a great-coat.

Poor nurse came in looking so worried that Fritz felt dreadfully sorry, and promised mother never to go out, even in the garden, again alone, without leave. He told them all he had been doing: and then father carried him back to bed, for he was getting almost too sleepy to keep his eyes open. When father went down to the drawing-room again, he found mother with a piece of colored muslin in her hand.

"Look here," she said, smiling, "this is to cover Fritz's seeds."

Father laughed, but he went out with mother to Fritz's garden, and held a lantern while she covered over the peas. They were not planted in a very straight line, and mother had to dig up one or two and replant them. She pegged down the muslin so nicely all round, leaving a little room for air to get in, but not enough for the pigeons.

Fritz was delighted when he saw it next morning, and the muslin remained there till the peas were well above ground. Every now and then it was lifted higher, as the little green shoots grew taller.

And when Fritz could take mother a whole bunch of beautiful sweet-smelling peas out of his own garden, he really felt as if he could begin to love the pigeons again.

FANTASTIC PUNISHMENT.

Where men take the law into their own hands, and exact the penalty for wrongs that they have suffered, it often happens that vengeance assumes a whimsical shape. Hotel thieves are a class of depredators who give exceptional annoyance. The people who lose articles are indignant, the management is blamed for remissness in protecting their patrons' property, and innocent guests feel that they are exposed to unjust suspicion.

To prevent such larcenies the director of one of the largest hotels in the hotels in the United States determined to act boldly. A printed notice was put in the rooms and corridors, warning light-fingered visitors that if caught at their obnoxious trade they would be caged.

Perhaps this was regarded as empty bluster, or jest; but in a short time several rogues found that they had to meet a real punishment. Cleverly trapped by the hotel servants, they were shut up, according to promise, in a strong cage; and placed in full view of the frequenters of the house. The show was maintained for a few days, and then the sullen and sickened thieves were given into the custody of the police.

Peter the First of Russia vented his ill-humor on courtiers and others who displeased him by issuing the order that they should become fools—that is to say, it was every body's cue to laugh at them and turn them into ridicule. They were persecuted on all sides, and it was useless to retaliate. The simplest actions were treated as intentional absurdities, and the gravest words were twisted into excuses for laughter. The Czar's entourage had no pity on a fallen favorite, though it might be their turn to-morrow; and it is easy to see that malice could make this form of retribution an exceedingly bitter thing. A man was great one day, and a common laughing-stock the next; and, unless he submitted and took up the role of fool, he was cuffed, kicked, and even horsewhipped.

A highly ludicrous punishment was that inflicted by an Arab chief on some unfortunate French scientists who, during an invasion of the desert, became prisoners of war. It appeared that they were not fighting men, and the chief was puzzled to make out their business. No doubt, they gave themselves up as lost while a debate of the tribesmen was in progress, and their fate hung in the balance.

But it happened that the chief was not in a sanguinary mood. He had an idea that his captives might be of use if they accompanied his warriors in the character of interpreters. They were asked what they could do, and the answer was given that the habits of the scientists were sedentary. The individual who tried to break this to the Arab mind succeeded but indifferently, but at least it was evident that the men did not want to work. They were finally condemned to sit on eggs, which was judged by the chief to be the only occupation answering to their description. However absurd and ignominious for the high-spirited Gauls, they were compelled to obey.

In the books of the Vintners' company a fantastic retribution for false trading is recorded. John Penrose was found guilty after careful trial of selling unsound and deleterious wine, to the grievous damage of his customers. The order of the court was that he should undergo eighteen months' imprisonment, drink a draught of his own unwholesome wine, and thus run all the risks that he provided for other people, and that, in addition, the remainder of his condemned stock should be poured over his head. In all probability this last section of the sentence involved a public performance, realistically illustrating some dangers of adulteration that have now ceased.

At one time a man who sold loaves that were of short weight was commonly sent through the streets in the charge of a constable. He rode on a hurdle, and as a sign of his offence a loaf was hung about his neck. To this order of quaint punishments belongs a German instance, in which a woman, for the feminine foible of gossiping, had to stand a fixed time in the public market with a heavy stone—literally a weight of disgrace—suspended from a neck-string.

When you see a woman going along the street with her chin well up and her gaze above that of her fellow-mortals, don't think she is haughty or exclusive. She is merely practising the proper walking pose, which directs that the chin must be "raised above a horizontal line, as if looking at the top of a carriage."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Boston lays claim to one Chinese voter.

In ten years the descendants of two rabbits will number 70,000,000.

A sign in a Southern town bears this inscription: Fresh spring eggs.

A census taken in 1891 places the population of India at 287,000,000.

Organ grinders and street musicians have regularly established routes, with regular patrons.

Great heat seems to cause melancholia. Suicides are more prevalent in summer than in winter.

A skirt dance and a double song-and-dance were the features of a church social at Evanston, Indiana.

The mail carrier between Troy and Asheboro, in North Carolina, walks a distance of 33 miles every day.

A prisoner in a Detroit court had revenge on a juror the other day by tearing out a handful of the latter's beard.

Checkers or draughts were known to the ancient Egyptians, and pictures 4000 years old represent a quarrel over the game.

A sign displayed at Georgetown, Maryland, calls attention to "fresh salt water oysters for sale by the pint, qwort or galun."

A writer in a Chicago paper estimates that there were 5908 murders, 123 hangings and 195 lynchings committed in this country in 1891.

San Francisco has 38 free kindergartens, of which 15 are memorial. It is a beautiful way to honor the dead by ministering to the living.

A Detroit city ordinance requires street railways to sell eight passage tickets for 25 cents on the cars during certain hours for the benefit of working men.

A woman at Seneca, Kansas, recently refused to register, stating that, if her husband wasn't able to do the voting for the family, she wouldn't live with him.

There is a church at Kirkwood, Ga., owned by Presbyterians, with a Methodist pastor, and the seats were originally owned by Baptists and donated by Episcopalians.

The pastor of a Baptist church at Ukiah, Cal., has been asked to resign for prophesying that the end of the world will take place before the close of the present season.

Steve Brodie, who acquired notoriety as a bridge jumper, distributes umbrellas with his name on to umbrellaless women who pass his saloon, in the Bowery, New York, on rainy days.

Mrs. Catharine Huffman, of Zanesville, Ohio, awoke the other morning to find that she was clinging to the window sill, 15 feet above the ground. She fell and died from the injuries received.

The art of paper making has reached the point where it is possible to cut down a growing tree and convert it into paper suitable for printing purposes within the short space of 24 hours.

A new religious sect, calling themselves "The Evening Lights," has been organized in Kansas. They do not claim to perform any miracles, but they teach that they can do anything that the apostles did.

Here is an argument in favor of learning something. The number of prisoners locked up in 14 of the Western and Middle States is 110,558, and of this vast number of offenders but one-sixth know how to read.

Peter Shurtz, an old Confederate soldier, who died near Winston, North Carolina, a few days ago, requested, shortly before his death, that his body should be wrapped in his old army blanket that he carried throughout the war.

A large python from West Africa, in the Zoological Gardens at Breslau, Germany, is said to have recently swallowed a dog, which measured nearly seven feet in length and correspondingly thick. The circumference of the python throughout its length was from 23 to 29 inches, and its skin was expanded to double its usual size.

A coatimondi, a species of ant-eater, which is owned by Joseph Wallace, of Brunswick, Georgia, does not confine itself to destroying ants, but has committed several robberies of jewelry, money and other articles of value. All the articles, however, have been recovered in out of the way places, where the animal had hidden them.

Peter P. Ramsey, of Bergen county, N. J., who is 86 years old, has purchased a coffin of white oak, encased in a box of the same wood, and has placed the whole in the hands of the local undertaker, with orders to bury him in it. Mr. Ramsey recently made a narrow escape from being killed by a railroad train, and he regards this as a forerunner of early death.

That crime doesn't always receive its just reward is shown by the fact that Harold O. Henderson, of Lansing, Michigan, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for stealing a gold watch, while a Dublin man, who went home in an intoxicated condition, killed his wife and threw his child into the fire, where it was fatally burned, only received a sentence of 18 months.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY C. W. B.

How dry the world; a place of scant refreshing;
Of tasks in weakness done, too poor and mean
To win us from self-scorn—of fears enmeshing,
And reeds on which to lean!

But suddenly our lives seem not unheeded!
Nearer the friends we thought so cold and few,
Some small success—the word of praise we needed—
And all the world is new!

ON THE TABLE.

There are ancient inventories and other manuscripts extant that give us interesting information about tables. To go no farther back than the reign of Charlemagne, we learn that that monarch possessed three silver tables and a gold one. One silver table was square, and upon it was delineated the city of Constantinople; the second was round, and enriched with a view of the city of Rome; the third was formed of three circles, and was traced with a description of the entire universe. The gold table was ornamented with precious stones accredited with the property of changing color if poisoned food was put upon it.

An early vignette delineated in a ninth or tenth century Bible, preserved in the Paris Library, shows a semicircular table with a raised rim to it, and guests seated round the curved portion of it, some of whom are drinking out of long-necked bottles. There are no plates, no knives or forks, before them, and no cloth; but strewn on the table are bones, a salt-cellar, a loaf or cake, a dish raised on a stem holding a kid, and a large chopping-knife, with which that animal was evidently to be divided. The table rests on trestle-like supports, placed at regular intervals, which are partly hidden by festoons of drapery depending from the under edge of it.

A twelfth-century manuscript preserved in the Strasburg Library shows a dining-table with the same kind of raised rim and the same absence of table linen. An additional implement is here depicted, of a nipper or pincer form, which must have been the forerunner of the two-pronged fork; but there is no indication that plates were used, except those on raised stems, which held the viands of which all were to partake.

It was not, indeed, till the thirteenth century that plates performed any part in a banquet; before then, slices of bread did duty for them. At that date they were in use, but only sparingly, for one plate served for two guests, who were thus paired off; and tablecloths were also then considered requisites. After a meal, it was the custom to remove the cloth and make use of the same table for amusements, such as chess and backgammon.

In the old French chateau, we are told, between the courses of a grand repast, on special occasions, performers mounted upon the table and recited couplets, or gave allegorical representations, or presented flowers to the guests. When the company was limited in number to a few persons only, long and narrow tables were used, one side of which was kept free for the attendants to wait conveniently upon those who were eating.

It was a long time before earthenware plates were used at table. Poor people ate off wooden plates and took their soup and porridge from wooden bowls. The middle classes used pewter; the very rich ate off silver plates.

Silver dishes and silver dish-covers still hold their high place in the esteem of the wealthy; but the pewter plates of the great bulk of the middle classes are now almost curiosities, so completely within remembrance have they been superseded by inexpensive earthenware in all parts of the country. The use of wooden plates, too, only survives in the matter of bread-trenchers.

Our mediæval ancestors were aware of the luxury of hot plates; and so that they should not burn their fingers in carrying them, resorted to the expedient of placing them on rings of metal, perforated in an ornamental way, and furnished with handles and feet.

As time passed by, good table linen became much esteemed. Some of the napery for dressers and buffets was bordered with velvet and gold and fringed with silk; and the white linen cloths for dining-tables were woven with representations of flowers, trees, animals, heraldic devices, and other objects, as in the present day.

From a very early period, table knives had a similar form to that now in use, in so far as they consisted of a wide and long blade firmly fixed in a handle. There were carving knives and bread knives to cut the slices of bread that were used to place the portion of each guest upon.

Froissart mentions the details of a banquet given to the king of Portugal by the Duke of Lancaster, at which the king, four bishops and archbishops, and the Duke of Lancaster, were seated at one table; whilst other dignitaries, abbots, barons, and ambassadors were placed at two others; and the rest of the company at separate tables. He says: "The dinner was great and handsome, and well garnished with everything; and a great gathering of minstrels plied their trade."

Oliver de la Marche tells us when a sovereign was present at a banquet the service, or waiting, was sometimes performed by nobles, who were often on horseback, and that "entremets," dialogues in verse, or pantomimes, took place in the intervals of the serving. The floor was strewn with flowers; and wax candles, some held by valets, and others placed on the table, afforded the necessary lighting. Down the hall were disposed buffets and dressers, which served to display the vessels of silver and silver-gilt, glass and enamel. The repast was announced by sound of horn. On its conclusion, when the tablecloth was removed and games commenced, spices were served, not as part of the feast, but as we now serve coffee. It was not till the sixteenth century that fruit was eaten after a repast.

There were square tables, horseshoe-shaped tables, and round tables in the days of old, as well as the oblong ones mentioned. There were also single-stemmed tables. A vignette in a manuscript copy of the Chronicles of Louis XI. shows a square table with a single stem descending into a circular foot.

Grains of Gold.

Too many folks are fine talk and bad walk.

Make your mistakes all teach you something.

The richest people are those who have the fewest wants.

No man is fit to lead who has not the courage to stand alone.

Don't be afraid to do your duty, no matter who throws mud at you.

The right side is always the strongest side, no matter how weak it looks.

Crime succeeds by sudden despatch; honest counsels gain vigor by delay.

If you want your children to be good, it would be well to show them how to begin with.

Patience is the ballast of the soul that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the great storm.

About the only time some people speak well of other people, is after they are dead and buried.

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

It may be that the rich man in torment had a great many nice things said about him on his tombstone.

It is not the troubles of to-day, but those of to-morrow, and next week, and next year, that whiten our heads and wrinkle our faces.

It will help us to accomplish great feats and win great victories, to remember that all we have to do is to take our duties as they come and perform them faithfully.

Femininities.

A dash of saltpetre in the water keeps cut flowers fresh.

A woman never loses faith in a man who treats her well.

Fashionable diamond dealers hire out sets of jewels by the night.

The bang is doomed. There was only one at Queen Victoria's latest drawing room.

There are two visiting princes in New York—Isenburg, of Austria, and Poniatowski, of Paris.

Seventy-one and 62 years are the respective ages of an engaged Scottsboro, Alabama, couple.

West Virginia boasts of a two-headed woman who has two distinctly different voices—bass and tenor.

When the Empress of Russia has occasion to send for her physician she pays him $300 for each visit.

One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, but it isn't for want of trying to find out.

Penelope: "Why are you weeping, dear; is some one you loved dead?" Perdita: "No; worse. He's married!"

The writing desk of a fashionable woman is so elegantly fitted up that she must write her letters somewhere else.

There are eight women attending a church in Cumberland county, North Carolina, whose ages range from 85 to 92 years.

There is something wrong if you feel spiteful whenever you see another woman wearing a better bonnet than you can afford.

A Louisiana woman is suing for divorce, stating that her husband refuses to chop wood and is of no use at house-cleaning time.

After a girl has been married a couple of months her former admirers begin to discover how pretty and attractive her younger sister is.

Mrs. Jennie Northern, of Princeton, Ky., has just died from an attack of measles. She was 110 years old, and leaves a daughter 90 years of age.

"Do you find the typewriter useful in your business?" "I should say so. When a bore comes in I give the operator the tip, and the machine makes so much noise he can't hear himself think."

The man who should invent a machine so that people could drop a penny in the slot and pick out a name for the baby would surely make a fortune—it would take so many tries to get a name to suit.

A Wilkesbarre woman went to the naval parade to see her son, who was attached to one of the ships. She not only saw her son but found her husband, who had deserted her 20 years ago, and had him arrested.

In Virginia, where heretofore only one woman (white) had been admitted to practice medicine, Sarah G. Jones, a mulatto, of Richmond, has been licensed. It is said she will practice exclusively among people of color.

Prattle, to his wife: "You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions." Mrs. Prattle: "I'd like to know how you got at that conclusion." Prattle: "You say 'There's no use talking,' and then you talk some more."

Mrs. Lizzie C. Jones Rogers was the guest of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment Association at its recent dinner. She exhibited the costume she wore in 1861, when she was adopted as the daughter of the regiment.

Alabama once more comes to the front. This time her honor is a woman who was struck by lightning seven years ago, has never spoken since, and whose eyes grow luridly brilliant at the approach of a thunder storm.

The Civil Service Commission has wanted for some time past a woman doctor to go out among the Indians, with an assured income of $1000 at the start, but the applicants are few. They would be reasonably sure of retaining their scalps.

An insurance company has been established in France, the aim of which is to bring about an increase of the population by guaranteeing to pay to the girl dowries of not over $2500 each when they marry, or an annual sum for their education.

Storekeeper: "You won't suit me if you're not married." Young man: "Why do you prefer your clerks to be married?" Storekeeper: "Because I find the married ones are never in such a rush to close up at night and leave me as the single ones are."

De Peyster, they have been conversing on art topics: "Are you fond of majolica, Mrs. Parvenu?" Mrs. Parvenu, who has made several bad mistakes since her entrance into society, and is on her guard: "Well—er—that depends entirely on how it is cooked."

"The happiest moment of a man's life," he said, tenderly, "is when he knows he has won a girl's heart." "Is it?" she shyly asked. "Yes," he replied. "Now tell me what is the happiest moment in a woman's life?" She blushed and hung her head. "Tell me?" he whispered. "You won't think me too bold?" "Certainly not." "When he's asked to name the day."

Masculinities.

Idle men do not think; they only dream.

Base ball is one business which can't flourish without strikes.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in aid of need.

A 68-year-old resident of Leavenworth, Kansas, is cutting a new tooth.

It scares a man who has done wrong to be told that he has an expressive face.

A new nail file for beauty's boudoir has a pistol hidden away in the handle.

Colored people in Virginia are said to pay taxes on properties valued at $13,000,000.

One of the best cures for bad penmanship is to marry a girl with a beautiful hand.

Dion Boucicault's advice: "Never make love to a woman through an ink bottle."

The well-bred man is nowhere so certain of his standing as in a crowded street car.

The recent style of shaving-glass is concave, which magnifies every overlooked hair.

Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

An Evansville, Indiana, man, who is suing for a divorce, is the father of 27 charming daughters.

The world is full of people who are rich merely because they could not sell out when they wanted to.

The first paid admission at the World's Fair was received, it is said, from a Columbus—Paul Columbus, of Laporte, Ind.

When a child wants a favor from his parents, he asks his father's permission and tells his mother he is going to do it.

Morgantown, N. C., lays claim to the youngest father on record. His name is W. H. Sullivan, and he is said to be but 16 years old.

There are very few things in this world worth getting angry about, and they are precisely the things which anger does not help.

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.

He: "I am in love. Will you be my confidante?" She: "Certainly; I am at your service." He: "Well, would you advise me to propose to you?"

In India elephants over 12 and up to 45 years of age are deemed the best to purchase, and will generally work well until they are 80 years old.

Owen Rogers, of Albany, who is 66 years old, claims to be the oldest active fireman in the United States. He has been fighting fires for 47 years.

A French woman thus epitomizes the recipe for keeping young: A smiling woman, with an expression of repose, always appears years younger than her age.

The old fashioned dictionaries derive luncheon from nuncheon or noonshun—the refreshment taken at noon when laborers desist awhile from work to shun the sun.

To make boys learn to read, and then place no good books within their reach, is to give man an appetite and leave nothing in the pantry save unwholesome and poisonous food.

Visitor: "Is Mr. Jinks in?" Servant: "Mrs. Jinks is out of town." "I didn't ask for Mrs. Jinks; I asked for Mr. Jinks!" "Certainly; but Mr. Jinks is never in when Mrs. Jinks is out of town."

"At any rate, my daughter is marrying a scholar," said the proud mother. "I didn't know he was an educated man," said the neighbor. "Oh, yes he is. He's a graduate of the Keeley Institute."

When it once enters a man's head to have an ambition to be thoroughly crafty, all other evils are necessary consequences. To deceive is the immediate endeavor of him who is proud of the capacity of doing so.

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.

Mrs. Lovejoy Aldrich, of Seattle, Wash., is a widow of a soldier of the Revolutionary war, and, by her second marriage, of a soldier of the war of 1812. She is the only woman known to the pension office who stands in this position.

Under a new electoral law which has passed the Lower House in Belgium and is now before the Senate, every Belgian aged 25 is to be entitled to one vote irrespective of property qualifications, but if he be married he will have two votes.

Never do any act which you are not willing should be fully known by those whose respect you most care for—your wife and children, for example. Be cautious in plans and bold in execution. Never leave one employment until you are sure of another.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

There are a few women who like to be original in all they do, have or wear. There are others who would never dare to put on a garment unless some one else had worn a similar one. They are afraid that other folks would scorn them for iconoclasts. Not that half of them know what that means, but they do not want to lead for fear of making a false step and putting a bumblebee on a bonnet where fashion calls for a dragon fly, or a rose when cabbages are in style, as they sometimes are. Fortunately we have a few women who are not too timid to be individual, and who rather like to lead. Such women redeem fashion and dress from conventional commonplace and somehow evolve an idea with every gown, a fancy with every wrap and a poem with every bonnet.

For didn't I see a young woman yesterday, a decided looking though pretty woman, who had wrought a poem with her hat? It was of rough green straw and had no ribbon on it, but all over it lay single violets, each with its green stem. In some places there would be six or seven of these lovely flowers, all lying carelessly there. Some were fastened by but a thread and hung over the edge of the brim as if ready to fall off. Sometimes there would

PRETTY HATS AND BONNETS.

be one little crushed blossom lying quite alone, and as I looked at it heard the tale it told, and this was it: "There was a cool, shady, green place where a lot of purple wood violets grew. A little child wandered there and gathered its chubby hands full of the tender blossoms that it only knew how to love and not to preserve. It crushed the sweet flowers in its hot little palms and kissed them to death and finally wandered away to find newer pleasures, letting the broken and bruised flowers fall on the grass forgotten."

Rather a long story for a hat to tell, but why not have everything we wear suggest something pleasant? When we do not, we sink nearly to the level of the savages who wear their strip of calico the same the year around, all cut the same length and shape for old and young. If we believe, like Walt Whitman, that we should treat our bodies with respect, we ought to try to make our clothes worthy, and I can conceive no worthier way than to make them something more than mere coverings.

Other hats I have seen this week. Some of them were so pretty, but none so poetic as the first mentioned. There was a hat for a girl of 12, all lace and shirred lawn, with a shirred and pinked lining of pale pink florentine silk. On the top was a many looped bow of ribbon in a very tiny brocaded rosebud pattern. The hat was large and formed altogether by the reeds in the shirring.

Right here let me mention that a lady of my acquaintance, whose flesh was so firm and fair that every one longed to discover her secret, always kept a pint bottle, in which an ounce of alum was dissolved in a pint of rainwater, on her dressing table, and she used to moisten a part of her face every night with it and also rub a little under her eyes. It is very simple to make and very sure and quite harmless.

I haven't got quite through with hats yet, for I wish to mention a hat worn by a lady who does what I so admire—gets her clothes to look in some way like a picture, or at least to make her look like one. This hat is just like those worn by that wicked king who didn't think marriage was a failure and who didn't believe in divorce. But the lady wanted her hat small, as a small hat becomes her best, and so it sits upon her golden hair in its rich beauty, made of green velvet, with gold and jeweled buckle holding a pale pink plume.

I hardly know whether to say that the costume matched the hat or the hat the costume, but the gown was of green velvet of the dark myrtle shade, cut princess and made plain. There was a bertha of fine lace on the neck. The sleeves were slashed with pale pink satin, and the dainty little bag that hung by a golden chain was pink also. The gloves were light green.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To Clean Gilding.—Dust the gilt lightly with a soft brush, then wash quickly with warm water, in which an onion has been boiled; dry with soft cloths. Only gilding of good quality will bear this treatment.

To Clean White or Light-Colored Paint.—Dissolve a piece of ammonia the size of a walnut, in half a pail of water, and rub the paint gently with a sponge; dry with soft cloths.

Polish for Brass.—The following is a very good polish for cleaning brass:—Mix ½ lb rotten stone and 1 oz oxalic acid with as much water as will make it into a stiff paste; let this dry in a cool oven, then pound it fine, and apply a little of it, mixed with sweet oil, to the brass, polishing with a leather or old silk handkerchief. This powder is very poisonous, so that care is needed in using it.

To Clean Windows.—To clean windows, picture-glasses and looking-glasses, there is nothing so good as methylated spirits. A rag dipped in the spirit should be rubbed over the glass, which should be polished with a leather. This plan may be safely tried for cleaning windows during frosty weather, when using water would be impossible. The methylated spirit dries quickly, and gives a bright polish to the glass.

Blancmange.—Put into a lined saucepan one quart of milk, one and a half ounces of gelatine, the thinly cut rind of one lemon, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and four laurel leaves broken across in two or three places. Simmer all together till the gelatine is dissolved, taste it to see that it is sufficiently flavored with the laurel leaves; when it is so, take them out and stir the mixture over the fire for about ten minutes. Strain it into a jug, and when nearly cold pour it into a well oiled mould, leaving any sediment there may be at the bottom. Put it in a cold place to set, and when wanted turn it out carefully into a dish and garnish it with jam or bright jelly.

Almond Puffs.—Pound three ounces of almonds in a mortar with a little rose-water, to prevent them oiling. When they are beaten to a paste, add three tablespoonful of sifted sugar, three ounces of butter melted, but not hot, three tablespoonfuls of fine flour, and a teacupful of new milk or cream. Beat all well together, butter some patty-pans, and half fill them. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Canadian Pudding—Indian Corn.—In one quart of milk mix six tablespoonfuls of Indian corn flour and a pinch of salt. Put in the rind of a lemon thinly cut, and boil it, stirring it all the time. When it has boiled and thickened, let it cool, and add to it four well-beaten eggs, and sugar to taste. Butter a mould, and ornament it with stoned raisins all over. Pour in the pudding, taking care that the mould is quite full. Tie it down with a floured cloth, and steam it for quite two hours. Serve with whatever sauce is most liked.

Beefsteak and Kidney Pudding.—Procure two pounds of tender rump steak (that which has been hung a little time) and divide it into pieces about an inch square, and take two kidneys and cut each into eight pieces. Line the dish with crust made with suet and flour in the proportion of six ounces of suet to one pound of flour, leaving a small piece of crust to overlap the edge. Then cover the bottom with a portion of the steak and a few pieces of kidney, season with salt and black pepper (some add a little flour to thicken the gravy, but it is not necessary), and then add another layer of steak, kidney, and seasoning. Proceed in this manner till the dish is full, when pour in sufficient water to come within two inches of the top of the basin. Moisten the edges of the crust, cover the pudding over, press the two crusts together that the gravy may not escape, and turn over the overhanging paste. Wring out a cloth in hot water, flour it, and tie up the pudding; put it into boiling water, and let it boil for at least four hours. If the water diminishes always replenish with some hot in a jug, as the pudding should be kept covering all the time and not allowed to stop boiling. When the cloth is removed cut a round piece out in the top of the crust to prevent the pudding bursting, and send it to table in the basin, either in an ornamental dish or with a napkin pinned round it. Serve quickly.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Final Arrangements for the Sale of Tickets via the B. & O. R. R.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the World's Fair the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell Excursion tickets to Chicago and return, at all stations on its line, at low rates. Tickets will be on sale until November 1st, and will be valid for return journey until November 15th, 1893. They provide for a reduction of 20 per cent. below regular rates. These tickets will be valid only for continuous journey. Tickets at higher rates will be sold that will permit holders to stop over at Baltimore, Washington, or any other point, going and returning.

Besides the opportunity of visiting Washington, a privilege afforded by no other route, tourists via the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will traverse the historic Potomac Valley, the theatre of the war between the States. At Cumberland they will be offered a choice of routes, via Pittsburgh, or across the Alleghany mountains 3000 feet above the level of the sea and via Deer Park and Oakland, the famous summer resorts. The scenery along the Baltimore & Ohio route is the most picturesque in America. Pullman accommodations may be reserved in advance of journey. For rates and information apply to nearest B. & O. ticket Agent, or Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

HOME EDUCATION.—The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:—

From our children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

Never promise them anything, unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.

If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

Always punish your child for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish him in anger.

Never let them know that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm; then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the same circumstances, at another.

Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.

Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

Never allow tale bearing.

Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence. Practise the above.

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Self-Operating Washer and Bleacher!

Solves the Old Problem of Household Care and Makes Wash Day a Delight!

This washer will do ALL of the family washing in less than one-half the time it takes by hand, and without the wear and tear of the washboard. It will also wash cleaner than by hand, and only requires ONE-HALF the soap. NO RUBBING WHATEVER IS REQUIRED.

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The operation of the Washer consists in rapidly and continuously forcing the hot soap suds contained in the boiler from the bottom to the surface through a tube, at the rate of ten gallons per minute, and then drawing it down again THROUGH THE SOILED CLOTHING, while that is expanded by the boiling heat, causing it to remove every particle of dirt, and leaving the articles, after rinsing, thoroughly cleansed and bleached. It is impossible for it to wear or tear, or in any way injure the fabric, as there is no friction whatever.

The Capacity of the Washer and Bleacher.

The Washer is circular in form and 7½ inches in diameter and 13½ inches deep. The discharge pipe is 13 inches above that and 1¼ inches in diameter. It throws water in a solid, unbroken stream at the rate of eight to ten gallons per minute. It is made of copper, iron, and tin, and can never wear out. Only three or four ounces of soap are required to eight or ten gallons of water. These washers will wash bed or table linen, a boiler full in ten to fifteen minutes; wearing apparel in from twenty to thirty minutes, and will remove streaks without rubbing; require no previous preparation of the clothes, such as soaking over night. Take the clothes and fill the boiler as full as it will hold by gently pressing them down with a stick. Use no chemicals, only good soap and soft water. If the water is hard it may be softened by a small piece of borax, which is harmless.

The Little Wonder is sold for only $2.00 by the manufacturers, who are shipping them in immense numbers. But we have made a contract for a large quantity, and will send one, expressage paid, to any part of the country for $1.50.

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WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

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Recent Book Issues.

"Summer Days Among the Hills" is the catching title of a neat and attractive little illustrated pamphlet just issued by the Passenger Department of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. It is a descriptive directory of the summer resorts, hotels and boarding houses on the line of the Philadelphia, Reading and New England Railroad, which is now a part of the Reading Railroad system. Along the line of this road and adjacent thereto are some of the most delightful summer retreats in America. The Catskill Mountains, the Berkshire and Litchfield Hills, the Valleys of the Hudson, the Walkill and Connecticut Rivers all are penetrated or reached by this railroad and its immediate connections. It is also a favorite tourists' line of travel via the Poughkeepsie Bridge Route to the White Mountains and the many seacoast and pleasure places of New England.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Quiver" for June is out and is filled from back to back with the freshest, and best of more serious Sunday reading. Published at New York.

BEWITCHED.—The South African natives, notwithstanding their contact with white civilization, retain many of their absurd superstitions—many of them tragical enough in their consequences to the believers.

A Natal newspaper, the Witness, reports a case of something very like hypnotism. The resident magistrate of the Umgeni Division, however, thought it was a kind of sorcery, unlawful enough to justify him in sending the practitioner to gaol for two months. Says the Witness:—

"A native girl name Godhle, deposed that on Friday last, the 2nd inst., she was returning from a kraal near Table Mountain, when the prisoner, who is named Qakanyana, suddenly came out of the long grass near a lonely footpath which she was traversing, and, without uttering a sound, placed his hands upon her shoulders and ran away.

"She noticed a strong smell after the prisoner had left her, and she began to perspire freely, and shortly afterwards became very faint and fell to the ground. Since then she has been very ill, frequently falling down in fainting fits.

"The district surgeon was summoned, who examined her, and told her not to be frightened. Since his visit she felt much better, although she still felt very weak, and all her limbs ached excessively. She said she knew the prisoner had something on her hands. She felt him wipe them upon her neck and shoulders. The smell was very strong indeed. The prisoner had often made love to her, but she had persistently refused his suit. She had never cared for him, but he still continued to follow her. The prisoner admitted that he was a witch-doctor, and that he had made medicine. He had smeared the preparation upon her neck and shoulders because he loved her. He did it to force her to return his love.

"His worship sentenced the accused to be imprisoned for two months with hard labor, and to receive a whipping of twelve lashes."

JUST AS HE WEARS HIS HAT.—When a man wears his hat perfectly straight, and nicely adjusted to his head, you are safe in believing that he has a corresponding straightforwardness of character. He is a man to be relied upon—steady, business-like, and with a well-balanced temperament.

If a hat slopes at the back its wearer has good brain power; tilted habitually forward it indicates preponderance of the material nature. The man who places his hat on one side is self-assertive.

Then there are some men whose hats are always too large for them, and were it not for their ears would pretty well smother them. Such men are usually as much wrapped up in their thoughts as they are in their hats. They are of a philosophic cast of mind, and live a good deal out of the world, for they are generally trying to solve some mighty problem—mighty to them—that not one person in a thousand cares an atom about.

Other men go to the opposite extreme, for their hats are invariably too small for them, and are just perched on the top of their heads, the owners of which are mincing, affected individuals, with, as a rule, an inordinate love of dress and any amount of self-esteem.

The man who throws his hat on his head anyhow is a careless, happy-go-lucky, indolent character. He generally has his hands in his pockets, and you can see any number of his genus lounging at the street corners.

ABOUT WEDDING RINGS.—There is less change in wedding rings than in anything else in the jewelry line. The wedding ring is about the same to-day as it was a century ago. The marriage token can hardly be improved upon. It is a ring of pure gold. It is softly rounded, and if you hang it upon a piece of string and strike it gently it will ring out an indescribably soft and sweet sound.

Ladies often wear numerous rings which carry no significance, except, perhaps, in some instances a hint of the possession of wealth.

Twenty-five years ago it was unusual to see a woman wearing more than one ring on either hand, but now the more one can crowd on her dainty digits the better she appears to be pleased.

While women are most mindful of the harmony of their dress, they jumble diamonds, rubies, pearls, garnets and other precious stones together in ridiculous confusion.

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THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE
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PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE.** **THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

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BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off **follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing,** etc., in the author's inimitable and **mirth-provoking** style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing.

"Wall, she had her skirts all on when I went in, all a foamin' and a shinin', down onto the carpet, a glitterin' pile of pink satin and white lace and posey. Gorgeous enough for a princess."

"At last Miss Flamm spoke and says she, as she kinder craned herself before the glass, "How do you like my dress?"

"Oh!" says I, wantin' to make myself agreeable, "the skirts are beautiful, but I can't judge how the hull dress looks, you know, till you get your waist on."

"My waist?" says she. "Yes," says I. "I have got it on," says she.

"Where is it?" says I, a lookin' at her closer through my specks, "Where is the waist?"

"Here," says she, a pintin' to a pink belt ribbon, and a string of beads over each shoulder.

Says I, "Miss Flamm, do you call that a waist?"

Says I, "Do you tell me, Miss Flamm, that you are goin' down into that crowd of promiscuous men and winmen, with nothin' but them strings on to cover you?" Says I, "Do you tell me that, and you a perfesser and a Christian?"

"Yes," says she, "I paid $300 for this dress, and it haint likely I am going to miss"—

OPINIONS OF CRITICS.

"Exceedingly amusing."—*Miss Elizabeth Cleveland.* "Delicious humor."—*Will Carleton.*
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Humorous.

FOR CONVENIENCE.

We knowed nitch ither jist enough,
To spake as "Miss" and "Misther,"
Yit whin good-night Oi tould to her
Upon her chake Oi kissed her.

"It's thrown away," says she, wid look
That proved she did regret it;
"For sure Oi've not the koind of lips
To rache around and get it."

Upon me loife Oi was at wance
Convarted be her prachin',
And for convanience put the nixt
Fhwere it'll save her rachin'.

—N. N.

An Invitation.

"Come here, pard; I've got a bone to pick with you."

A fowl tip—the rooster's tail.

"It seems," said the barber, "that my whole life is to be spent getting out of one scrape into another."

May: "Don't you think your landlady's little boy is an angel?" Frank: "Not yet; but I have hopes."

The reason the piano is such a sympathetic instrument is because it is greatly touched every time it is played.

A pitcher that came over on the Mayflower is owned by a Michigan man. That's old enough to be a confirmed growler.

Twynn: "I hear that you were relieved of $500 during your stay in Chicago." Triplet: "I never alluded to it as a relief."

"There is a great deal of wear and tear in this business," said a dry-goods salesman as he ripped off a few yards of calico.

He, exhibiting sketch: "It's the best thing I ever did!" She, sympathetically: "Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you."

Gosling: "I wonder why they put in a hyphen between the names of a man and wife in announcing a marriage?" Old Inclose: "To keep 'em apart."

A man warned his wife in New Orleans not to light the fire with kerosene. She didn't heed the warning. Her clothes fit his second wife remarkably well.

She: "This is the portrait of my grandmother at seventy-nine." He, delightedly: "What a strong family resemblance! It might almost be taken for you."

Hotel clerk, to new bell boy: "Did you wake up No. 44?" Bell boy: "No, sah. Couldent wake him up sah, but did the best I could, sah." "What was that?" "I waked up No. 45, sah."

Wigwag: "I hear young Bobbles was discovered in a shady business deal yesterday." Blobbs: "You astound me: what was it?" Wigwag: "Buying awnings for his country house."

Policeman: "Here move on, hayseed. Wot yer waitin' fur?" Uncle Micah: "I'm waitin' for a man who offered to take my watch fur to get it regulated. He ought to be back now. It's nigh two hours since he went."

Jakey: "Fadder, a shentleman haf fallen droo de coal-hole!" Isaac: "Clap to cover ofer him kerviek, mein sohn, vile I run for a policemans. We must arrest him for tryin' to steal to coal, or he'll sue us for damages!"

"I knew that woman when she lived in an attic." "Yes, I can remember that time perfectly. It was when you were living in the basement of the same house." Then there was a silence, and the waves gossiping to the beach had it all to themselves.

Patient, looking at the prescription: "Doctor, couldn't you just as well step in at the drug store yourself, have this filled, and send the stuff to me by your office boy?" Doctor, taking back the prescription and writing another: "I see I have made a mistake. You don't need any nerve medicine."

"No honest dealer," said the grocer, picking some dark gray objects out of the scoop and pouring the rest of the contents carefully into his swiftly revolving coffee-mill, "will put stones into his coffee. It's a fraud on the customer. And, besides," he continued, dropping a handful of burnt peanuts into the hopper, "it injures the mill."

MANIA IN QUEER FORMS.

"One of the most extraordinary forms of insanity is a mania for stealing women's shoes," said a well-known physician attached to a public asylum recently.

"It is distinguished as a disease by itself, and the Germans have named it 'Frauenschuststehlmonomanie.' It is more common among men than with the other sex.

There is one case on record of a young man whose sisters lost their left shoes as fast as they could buy them. It was always the left one of each pair that was taken. For a long time the thefts remained a mystery, until one day the brother caught a young woman in the street, threw her down, tore off her left shoe, and ran away with it. He was captured, and thus the secret was discovered.

"Another strange mental complaint is called the 'insanity of doubt,' the patient being unable to make up his or her mind to do or not to do the simplest thing. Mysophobia is a species of brain disease which renders the unfortunate fearful of imagined uncleanliness in everything.

"Yet another form of monomania is a dread of being shut in. The patient has a horror of being in any inclosed space, like a room, particularly with the doors closed. A similar complaint is a dread of heights.

"But more strange than any of these, perhaps, is what the French call the 'folie a deux'—a delusion shared by two persons. This sympathetic insanity is not uncommon. It may occur with husband and wife, with brother and sister, or with other individuals who happen to be intimately associated. For example, one will imagine that he is pursued by enemies with designs upon his life, and the other will believe confidently that such is the truth.

"All of these curious forms of mania come under the general head of 'paranoia,' or partial insanity, the patient being apparently well in mind, save as to the particular weakness or delusion suffered from. We observe that 'society women' who become mentally diseased are usually afflicted with that form of insanity which is termed melancholia, though why this is so nobody knows. If it is to be reasonably surmised that their domestic relations are not always so happy as those of others of their sex, that would account for it."

FEET INSTEAD OF HANDS.—The Hindoo is not the "missing link" that the evolutionary scientist hopes to find and which shall connect man and monkey. But in one respect the Hindoo stands much nearer to the monkey than does any other human race. Whether this simian trait of the Hindoo is a direct inheritance from his monkey ancestor or a reversion from the human back to the simian form it may be difficult to decide.

The fact is this, that the Hindoo uses his feet as a second pair of hands. The laborer in wood in India holds with his feet the board or stick which he is sawing or planing. So the shoemaker holds the shoe, the tailor the cloth—with the feet. In climbing trees, twigs are seized between the toes, and thicker branches with the foot, as the gorilla does.

Between the big toe and the second toe there is a distance of a quarter to nearly three-quarters of an inch. These two toes can be separated and forced close together, and the force with which they are closed is great enough to produce a pressure not perceptibly less than that which the hand can produce with the thumb and first finger.

The Hindoos wear sandals by means of a plug inserted between the toes. Further, the instep is so movable that the foot can be curved in a manner to enable the two feet to hold tight to objects of the requisite thickness, such as trunks of trees, logs of wood, etc. There is also a considerable movability in the hip joint, enabling the feet to approach close to the shoulders. This agility of toe, foot, and leg is not so great, however, as to render the limbs less qualified to support the body in standing upright, which no monkey is able to do.

A VISCOUNT IN THE MARKET.—A French viscount, who is not so richly endowed with this world's goods as he would like to be, has invented a novel means of feathering his nest. He advertises in the French papers a lottery in which the great prize will be himself and his title. Five thousand tickets are to be issued at twenty francs each. These will bring him over four thousand pounds. The lady who draws the lucky number will have the choice of two alternatives. She may marry the viscount with his fortune of over four thousand pounds, or she may share this capital sum, but must first forego all right to his hand. Here is a chance for young women who sigh for a coronet.

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No. 1. The round of the head.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
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No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 7.55, 9.00 a m, 12.20, 2.00, 3.45, 4.30, 5.30, 6.25, 7.01, 9.00 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m, Sundays, 6.27, 9.00, 9.20 a m, 12.20, 2.30, 7.01, 9.00 p m, and Bethlehem only, 9.00 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

4.12 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

9.07 a m for Reading and way points.

10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

11.05 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

4.32 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

5.20 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m daily, sleeping car Erie for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg, Shippensburg and Gettysburg.

8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.35 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.00 a m. Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shippensburg, Gettysburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

2.30 p m for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Roush Creek Railroad.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 5.00 a m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.40, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 2.35, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 5.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 5.45 and 8.10 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

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KANSAS MORTGAGES.
The new mortgage law, permitting the mortgager to retain possession for eighteen months after sale without paying interest or taxes, will cause many foreclosures.
ANGEVINE, CUBBISON & COBB, (states att'y) Attorneys, Kansas City, Kansas.
REFERENCES:—
Horton, C. J. Supreme Court, Kansas.
Johnson, J. " "
Northrup Banking Company, Kansas City, Kansas.

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